THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which all religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending LITERATURE, CRITICISM, MEN and MANNERS, AMUSEMENT, elegant EXTRACTS, POETRY, ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHY, METEOROLOGY, the DRAMA, ARTS and SCIENCES, WIT and SATIRE, FASHIONS, NATURAL HISTORY, &c. forming a handsome ANNUAL VOLUME, with an INDEX and TITLE-PAGE. *Persons in any part of the Kingdom may obtain this Work from London through their respective Booksellers.*

No. 350.—Vol. VII. TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1827. PRICE 3½

Literature.

LIVERPOOL PHILOMATHIC SOCIETY.

In publishing the following address, we take the opportunity of apologizing to the writer for the liberty we have taken in appropriating it, without previously obtaining his permission. It was presented to us by a friend of the author, with permission to make what use of it we thought proper, and its publicity must, therefore, be ascribed to him.

We wish the very respectable gentlemen who compose the Liverpool Philomathic Society would allow the *Kaleidoscope* to be the medium for giving publicity to their essays.

Our volumes already comprise Mr. Roscoe's address on opening the Royal Institution, and also the subsequent address of Benjamin Arthur Heywood, Esq. and Dr. Traill; and we are in hopes the latter gentleman will permit us to give equal publicity to the interesting address which he delivered at the late anniversary of the Institution.—*Edit. Kal.*

OPENING ADDRESS,

PRONOUNCED BY THE PRESIDENT AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION,

On the 24th of February, 1826.

Called by you, Gentlemen, to the Chair of your Institution during the present session, my first duty, in accordance with your laws, is to lay before you the motives which have led to the formation of this society, to explain the principles upon which it is constituted, and point out the benefits we promise ourselves from its permanency.

But, before proceeding to the discharge of this duty, permit me to express to you how highly complimented I feel myself in being raised to this flattering situation: thus selected from a body of gentlemen distinguished among their fellow-citizens for their intelligence, their worth, and their respectability. Gladly would I persuade myself, that, in the discharge of the duty your partiality has assigned me, the interests of our Institution would not suffer in my hands. One circumstance should perhaps give me confidence: it is the consideration that most of those to whom I now address myself are among the founders of this interesting establishment, and that there is little more for me to do than to embody and recapitulate their views and sentiments.

I shall proceed, therefore, Gentlemen, to state that we have formed this society for the purpose of mutual improvement; with the intention of devoting to the attainment and diffusion of useful knowledge a portion of the time unemployed in the pursuits of business, or of those professional avocations so intimately connected with it. We desire to give to those whose dispositions lead to liberal acquirements, the opportunity of meeting and interchanging sentiments with persons of kindred propensities; and, finally, we have a view to prospective utility, by nurturing an establishment which in time may have a favourable influence on the taste and conduct of those who follow us.

Such are our motives, and such at any time would have been praiseworthy; but in the present age they are not only laudable but imperative.

We live in a new era: there is a spirit abroad beckoning alike to every class of the community to advance in the scale of knowledge. The general mind has received an impulse; its course is circulated. So eager is the spirit of inquiry, and such the thirst for information, that, to remain passive and content with our acquirements, we must relinquish the situation in which education and circumstances have placed us, and be satisfied to witness the tide of improvement, and those borne upon it, flow past us.

Learning, which for centuries had either totally withdrawn itself from our western hemisphere, or remained but to slumber in the cells of monastic establishments, lingering in its course, and parsimoniously handed down by the labours of a few virtuous and industrious churchmen, at length stole from the cloister to take a place in the great collegiate institutions, and, in the course of time, slowly diffused itself among the higher and more favoured grades of society; but so enveloped, so shrouded in the drapery of abstract science or speculative metaphysics, that its primitive character was lost, and in its course there was but delusion and error. So blended with pure knowledge, with reason and philosophy, were the hypothetical, the fabulous, and absurd, that the wheat seldom failed to be choked by the tares, and truth always remained obscured, and but too often sunk under the gorgeous and fantastic drapery in which she was clad.

To follow the train of reasoning, and elucidate the innumerable causes which contributed to the dissemination of knowledge over the great bosom of society; to develop its progress, and show its influence on our species at different periods, comes not within my province; the limits I prescribe to myself allowing but a hasty retrospect, a rapid glance at the past, and then leading directly to the detail of the causes which have embodied a number of intelligent men into an association such as the present. Suffice it to say, that after the long-continued darkness which pervaded Europe, we have the happiness to live at a period when that darkness is rapidly dispelling; when the light of knowledge and truth ceases to be confined to any favoured cast; but, after struggling through the night of ages, at length bursts with meridian glory on mankind, carrying life and animation into the extremities of our communities—quickening and invigorating the immense material of society, which in every age has presented itself but as a mighty and morbid mass, ever subject to the influence of intrigue, corruption, and misdirection.

Need we go abroad in search of illustrations to prove the mighty revolution effected in the morals and intelligence of society?—they present themselves at our own doors; they show themselves in every street, in the character, conduct, habits, and conversation of every class of men. The boasted wisdom of antiquity is but the wisdom of our children, and the great discoveries made by those meteors that occasionally gleamed on the world, are now familiar to our youngest schoolboy. The humblest tradesman pursues his labours in the light of science, shed into the recesses of his workshop by our enlightened townsmen, who make the diffusion of knowledge their pastime.

Thus alive to what is passing around us, and living in a liberal and enlightened community, which has entered with more than ordinary zeal into the contest for commercial, scientific, and literary eminence; and, averse to linger behind in a course so interesting, we have resolved, as a preliminary step, to embody ourselves, assuming the name of the Philomathic Society, and forming for ourselves a code of regulations, under the direction of which we hope to have a portion of our leisure devoted to advantage.

Happily the time has come when the enlargement of the human mind has ceased from being considered as incompatible with the pursuits of commerce; when plodding care and quadruped intellect are no longer looked upon as the only desirable qualities of the trader; when the character of the accomplished gentleman may be blended with that of the industrious merchant, and a man of business venture into a literary assembly, and there express his sentiments, without the fear of bringing upon himself the imputation of a demagogue disputant, emerging from the counting-house in the pursuit of an idle and ephemeral fame.

The time has been, 'tis true, and within the recollection of many who now listen to me, when societies, bearing, in some respects, a resemblance to ours, have been stigmatized, and, in many instances, perhaps with justice. They have been made the theatres of declamatory folly, and have often been converted into laboratories, in which the venom of an ill-directed and selfish ambition was concocted, to be afterwards infused into the unthinking multitude, for the overthrow of social order.

Thus it unfortunately happened, that societies, laudable in their object, and really beneficial in their operation, were confounded with those of a pernicious tendency; and even many good men unthinkingly imbibed prejudices to be unsparingly levelled against every institution of the kind. When, however, the irritability of party feeling subsides, as it happily has in our own day, and men can allow themselves to view the subject dispassionately, the utility of a society such as this will be obvious. An exception should probably be made of a certain class of beings, who seem, as it were, intuitively opposed to every thing likely to serve their fellow mortals. Such men will, doubtless, be disposed to sneer at us; not at us particularly, but at ours in common with every useful establishment; but they are not to be heeded; neither individuals, nor institutions, nor communities, have to fear or to hope from them, the very universality of their rancour neutralizing and rendering it harmless. To the opinions of such men, therefore, we should be totally indifferent; assured, as we are, of the approbation of the discriminating and liberal, and confident of the advantages we must derive from the continuance of our labours.

I shall proceed, and explain to you, Gentlemen, that our attention will be directed to the investigation and discussion of every useful and interesting subject, with the

exception of theology and the politics of the day: and in excluding these, I would remark, that we are not influenced by any aversion to such questions, but act from the conviction that the floor of this society is an unfit place for their consideration. Because, viewing Religion as she is, clothed in the vestments of peace, proclaiming good will to *all* men, we hesitate to invade her sacred functions; we will not venture on the experiment of disturbing the sanctity of her character, by dragging her into what might become the arena of angry disputation; but, leaving her in her own proper temples, in the bosom of domestic quiet, in the voice of parental admonition, in the hearts of those whose duty it is to minister at her altars, and dispense her divine spirit of harmony and love, we will, as individuals, exercise the privilege of thinking for ourselves, freely allowing to others their indisputable right of thinking and acting in that which is alone between themselves and the Omnipotent.

Neither do we think that subjects connected with the politics of the day can, with propriety, be introduced into our discussions. On a question of so much importance as that of national government, there must be diversity of opinion: it is not in the nature of man to take the same view of such a subject. In the multiplicity of theories on this great question, each has its enlightened and honest advocates, all aiming at the same end: the public good, the object of all: the only difference between them, the means of obtaining it. Next to that of religion, it is the subject to which men's passions are most alive,—perhaps, because their interests and partialities are more immediately allied to, and identified with it; and experience teaches us, that whether in private society, or in institutions like this, discussions on this question seldom carry conviction to oppose opinion, and usually terminate in excited and angry feeling. Other reasons might be advanced to justify its exclusion; but it is enough to say that we would avoid the consequences of collision of sentiment on a subject whereon opinion is so varied and pertinacious; and we therefore abandon it for consideration in more fit places, reserving for ourselves questions less likely to disturb the harmony of our society.

To subjects connected with Science, Literature, and Commerce, our attention will be particularly directed.

We cannot propose to ourselves to tread the whole range of the Sciences: our avocations must, for a time, put a limit to investigation; but there will be leisure to draw from their ample stores, treasures more than sufficient to repay us for the time spent in searching for them. We will reach the hand to the flowers of Literature, plucking them as we can, to adorn the path of private life, and cheer us under the cares of business, or professional duty.

To commercial subjects, interest as well as curiosity will lead us. Reduced to a science, as it now is, duty to ourselves will impel us to become versed in the principles of political economy; to ascertain the nature of commerce, and its influence on society and manners.

We are called upon to know the basis on which national wealth rests; to discover the causes which unite individual prosperity with national welfare; to understand the effect of legislative interference with general and individual industry; to trace the causes of the rise and decline of commercial communities, and, from an acquaintance with them, add to the means of regulating our views and conduct in what relates to trade, manufactures, and commerce. In fact, as men of business, we shall endeavour to gain that kind of knowledge which is so closely allied to, and necessary towards the advancement of our interests.

The page of history will not escape our research: from it we promise ourselves a rich harvest. For the philosopher, the statesman, the moralist, there is no field so prolific as that of history. It presents man in all his variety of character, in all his colouring; we trace him from barbarism to refinement; we see him clothed in the skins of the chase, and we follow him, through innumerable windings, to the hair of royalty, decked in the robe of ermine.

Divested of the influence of prejudice and party feeling; removed afar by the hand of time from factious and sectarian prejudice, we contemplate, through an unjaundiced medium, the operation of nature, education, and habit on our species. The examples of virtue and of vice are before us; and dull must be the judgment, and callous the feelings, that will remain unmoved and uninfluenced by the painting presented by the pencil of the historian.

Who, without the feeling of rapturous admiration, can rest his eye on Thermopylæ, and view a Leonidas and his brave associates offering their blood at the altar of patriotism; devoting themselves, to repel an invasion of their country, which, in its course, would have devastated her fields, despoiled her temples, violated her domestic hearths, and affixed the seal of desolation on her bosom?

Can we, without a sensation of love for honour and virtuous forbearance, read the story of the great, the good, the just Aristides? Self-banished from his country, to save that country from the demon of discord and faction; and, in the hour of her need, casting from him the recollection of his injuries, and returning to rescue her from the iron grasp of foreign aggression!

When the eye follows the indefatigable Carthagenian, and sees him o'ertopping the stupendous Alps; storming the mountain barrier of Italy; carrying war into the country of his powerful, relentless, and inveterate enemy, and for years victoriously maintaining himself in the bosom of that country; shall we not glow with the admiration of heroism, and learn the lesson of what may be accomplished by courage and perseverance?

And, when we behold the youthful Scipio, bearing the victorious eagle-ensign of Rome over the ruins of prostrate barbarism (yet conquering more by clemency than the sword;) in the career of victory stretching forth the hand of mercy; in the possession of uncontrolled power exercising unrivalled moderation; and, in the glow of juvenile passion, sheltering even from himself, by his sense of justice, the lovely captive whom the chance of war had placed at his disposal; the soul burns with a purer flame, the grosser passions are subdued, the lips respond the feelings of the chastened heart, and pronounce unutterable devotion to the cause of virtue and magnanimity?

But, to pass over the innumerable passages which might be produced to inspire the feeling of virtuous emulation and an abhorrence of vice, let me descend to our own times, and advert to the oft-produced and splendid name of Franklin;—a man of our own times, though now belonging to history, springing from our own ranks, and imbued with modern feeling,—the excellent example of what may be achieved by talent, honesty, industry, and zeal.

How we admire the homely citizen printer, with one hand directing the operations of his press—with the other, chaining the lightning of heaven! This hour managing his humble trade—the next guiding the destinies of his country! In the simple dignity of nature rising from his font of types to the eagle flight of philosophy; from his barrow to the senate; from the unassuming tradesman to the diplomatist, the statesman, and a founder of the liberties of a great, free, and high-minded people!

And, Gentlemen, suffer me to present you with one other example, and but one.

When history shall have given the name, but long may her pages be closed against it,—when history shall have handed to posterity the name of our own Roscoe, it will shed a lustre around it to animate and guide the youth of coming days in the pursuit of what is great, good, and liberal; embalming the name of Liverpool with that of the man who so largely contributed to its celebrity.

In thus passing over the pages of history, retracing the passages so dear to the youthful imagination, and recovering and reanimating a portion of the feelings arising from the studies of our earlier days; we promise to ourselves not only pleasure, but solid improvement; and that will, in part, arise from the manner in which we shall be called on to communicate the fruits of our research; that is, through the medium of discussion.

With whatever indifference this subject may generally be viewed, to me it appears that we thoughtlessly overlook its importance: for, it matters not what may be said to the contrary, it is a fact confirmed by daily observation, that the manner of conveying ideas is only second in importance to the possession of them,—in many instances not even second, for it often happens that manner triumphs over matter. Considering words as the representatives of mind, they will even, when used with judgment and taste, have a commanding influence over the ordinary concerns of life; like the troops of a well organized army under the direction of an able commander; or, to use a more homely metaphor, like chessmen in the hands of the player, ideas will triumph according to the manner in which they are arranged, brought out, and played.

When we consider the early period when we begin to exercise the faculty of speech, and the frequency with which it is called into action, it is surprising how few excel in it. The first years of our existence call it into play, and its exercise is generally blended with our amusements, with our studies, and, indeed, it is seldom suspended but during the hours of repose; yet how few does it lead to eminence or guide to distinction! One great cause is, the neglect of the art and habit of speaking: the power of expression is acquired almost insensibly; we look upon it as a thing natural to us; we do not regard it as an art, as the effect of study and habit—but it is so; it is our ignorance of that circumstance, our omitting to give it proper consideration, that is truly the cause of our deficiency.

In common conversation, observe the advantage possessed by the fluent speaker over the man who hesitates in his discourse; with half his information he has twice his importance: he commands the respect of his auditors: he interests and gratifies them. In the general transactions of business the same superiority attends him; he communicates his ideas with calmness, precision, and effect; he carries his point by his readiness; he concludes his treaty before another kind of man could have well set about it.

It is under the influence of these important facts that we have determined to introduce into our proceedings the discussion, at stated periods, of subjects connected with the studies we prescribe to ourselves. We conceive that the necessity of obtaining material for discussion will stimulate to research, and that the fruits of that research will be more deeply impressed on the mind by the act of discussion; and while we, by this proceeding, enjoy the benefits resulting from the studies and talents of our fellow members, we shall, at the same time, exercise our own reflecting powers, acquire the method of arranging and correctly speaking our ideas, and gain that desirable confidence or self-possession which arises from the habit of speaking before a large assembly.

I have thus, Gentlemen, endeavoured to give an outline of our views, and of our intended mode of proceeding. Our motives I have explained as excited by the spirit of the times, which renders mental improvement almost indispensible. The principles which guide our proceedings are developed in my explanation of the manner in which, and to what end, our studies will be directed; and the deductions which I have drawn, in the course of my observations, will show the benefits we may reasonably promise ourselves from a steady perseverance in the course we have struck out. The road towards the accomplishment of your wishes is before you, and with yourselves must rest the vigour with which it is to be followed up.

I will not further trespass on your patience than again to express my deeply fixed conviction of the utility of an institution so organized and conducted, as, I doubt not, this will be. And, I am of opinion, that the members now listening to me will, at no distant period, feel proud of ranking among the original founders of the Liverpool Philomathic Society.

Scientific Notices.

Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History; Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; List of Patents.

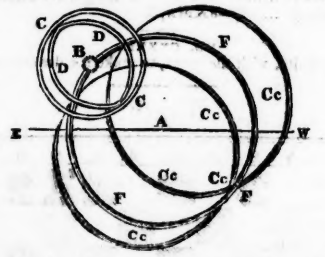
REMARKABLE ATMOSPHERIC APPEARANCES.

We have just received the last number of Silliman's American Journal, which, like all the other numbers of that valuable work, contains several very interesting communications, of which we shall not fail to avail ourselves for the gratification of our readers. We select for the present publication, the article, being one of three, the remainder of which shall be given in succession.—*Edit. Kal.*

History and Description of some remarkable Atmospheric Appearances, as they were observed on the 19th of August, 1825; in a letter from Charles Meriwether, Esq. of Tod county, Kentucky, to Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, dated Sept. 9, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—I have taken the liberty to send you an account of a phenomenon, so uncommon, that I think it would be proper to be inserted in some publication which may hand it down to posterity.

On Friday, the 19th of August, there appeared circles in the atmosphere, as laid down in the following diagram:



E and W represent the east and west point of the heavens; A is the zenith; B the sun; CC a prismatic circle, of surprising brilliancy; F a very bright circle of light, passing through the sun B; Cc Cc two sections of circles, intersecting the circle F, at the point Cc F. These sections were very bright at their intersection with F, but became gradually invisible as they approached the sun. B and A and Cc F were in a right line, and the intersection Cc F was the same height above the horizon as the sun, and moved north, and approached the zenith in the same proportion as the sun moved south and approached the zenith. The circle F and the sections Cc Cc were circles of similar radii, and diminished in size, as the sun approached the zenith. These circles were first observed about eight o'clock, and continued until eleven. There was not a cloud to be seen, but so thick a haze, high up in the atmosphere, that the sky appeared completely black, and the sun shone with so much splendour, and there was such a glare, that any person's eyes would be filled with tears in a few minutes, by going into the light.

The same phenomena appeared again on the following Friday. The haze was not so thick, and there were a few thin clouds floating in the atmosphere which, when they passed under any of the circles, obscured them until they were gone by. There appeared also on this day a prismatic oval at DD, but less brilliant than the external one; the day was less bright and the circles were less splendid. It was seen on this day from nine o'clock in the forenoon until one in the evening, at which time the intersection was to the east of north; in all other respects the phenomena were the same as on the 19th.

In connexion with the above, it may be proper to add, that the weather this year has been rather uncommon in this neighbourhood. Our winter was very dry and warm, and the summer more hot than any person in this part of the country recollects ever to have felt.* We have not had sufficient rain since the 20th of April for transplanting, and not so much since the last of June as would lay the dust; and last night we had a frost sufficiently severe to kill some cucumbers we had kept alive by watering. About five days previous to the 19th, the wind shifted to the north-east, and remained there until after the 26th.

I have been thus particular is describing the weather, to enable you to form a rational explication of these phenomena. If you should consider the above as worthy of your attention, I shall be highly gratified; and, with the greatest respect, I beg leave to subscribe myself your most obedient servant.

CHARLES MERIWETHER.

[*To be continued.*]

* Having had my thermometer broken, I am not able to give the degrees.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

THE DEVIL'S MILL.

(From an American paper.)

In the Bernburgh department of the Hartz, stands a high mountain called Ramberg, about three miles distant from Ballenstedt. Huge pieces of granite, and other rock stone, are spread over its surface, heaped in strange fantastic shapes one upon another. And for more than a thousand yards around, the whole hill appears inlaid with small sparkling pieces of granite, giving it the appearance of a splendid illuminated castle, when resting under the rays of the setting sun. Most probably in old times, these rocky pyramids were constructed for fortified stations, which earthquakes or other convulsions of the earth have subsequently levelled with the ground. In this manner they are supposed to have assumed their present grotesque and varied forms. One of these groups of rocks bears the name of the Devil's Mill, in illustration of which, the people repeat the following story.

At the foot of the Ramberg, a certain miller had placed his windmill. There it had stood and wooed the blast—an useful heir-loom in the miller's family, from father to son, for many centuries.

Hitherto it had supported its successive possessors in peace and comfort, but hardly had our miller got into full possession, than he remarked in sundry places a number of deficiencies. In particular, he lamented the little wind that fanned his mill-sails, and thought what a fine thing it would be if he could contrive to build a new mill upon the highest windy point of the Ramberg. But where were the materials? and how could he be sure of securing himself against the rougher blast that sometimes visited heights of the mountain? And where could he find an able architect?

These obstructions led him to apprehend that his favourite idea would never be put into execution; and the miller became nervous and low spirited to a degree. Often did he turn impatiently from side to side upon his restless couch; began to detest the idea of carrying sacks, or any other kind of work; and was fool enough not to see that he would neither be happier nor better off, even could he have succeeded in his wish.

It was now our great adversary, who formerly paid far more attention to the little proceedings of mankind, though he met with small gratitude for his busy offices at their hands, no sooner heard the thankless repining of our miller, than he resolved to avail himself of it, and one night appeared to him, offering his humble services.

The miller considered this a good opportunity, and closed with the offer, only he could not well digest the nature of the bargain, the base one insisting that he must have his signature for the possession of his soul. Much as he wished to promote his undertaking upon the hill, he could not quite make up his mind to view the matter in so trivial a light as the other party would have him, and he requested a few days to consider of it.

The miller had before this enjoyed little repose, and he now had less. Full of care, he wandered, absorbed in thought, around his dwelling, turning in his mind whether he had not better let things remain as they were in the old way, and was on the point of coming to such a resolution, when, for the twentieth time, there came another calm, and his mill stood still. This at once determined him to the contrary; he swore he would give the devil a commission for the new building, though he were to pay both in body and soul for the job. The base fiend made his appearance at the stipulated hour, and the miller signed himself over to him in his own blood. In return he received the devil's promissory note, insuring to him his life for the space of thirteen years, and he should build him an excellent unexceptionable mill, with six large sails, upon the top of the Ramberg, insured from all damage and accidents. Moreover, that it was to be commenced on the following night, and completed in every respect before the crowing of the cock.

Scarcely had the shades of night descended, before the infernal architect commenced his labours. He heaved up and piled rocks upon rocks, which were flung to him over the Brocken mountain by a party of his diabolical journeymen. Such was their expedition, that behold, in a few hours, there stood the new mill. The workmanship was large and substantial, and made to stand the tug of years. The master builder then hastened down the hill to the miller, in order to bring him back to look at the work, and see that it worked well. With doubtful and trembling step, the poor man followed him up the mountain. It was a dark summer night, the wind was up, and whistled through the lofty branches of oak and fir; dark clouds, too, overcast the heavens; the lightning shot athwart the gloom, while the heavy thunder rolled over the hills and dales, the earth trembled, and the miller's heart sank within him. Fain would he have turned back, fain have returned to his old paternal mill, but all his regret was too late. His last hope was now that he should be able to discover something wanting in the construction of his new edifice; yet even this he despaired of, when he cast his eyes upon the complete and noble building, its grand sails sweeping in a vast circumference round, and all tight and right.

With a loud laugh of self-complacency, the devil turned towards him, and inquired "Whether there were any thing farther that he could suggest?"

"No, no, certainly not," muttered our trembling miller, and was on the point of admitting the validity of the bargain, when examining a little farther, he suddenly cried "Stop! what is here, or rather what is not here?" he added, with a laugh of delight, as he pointed out the want of the main stones.

Stoutly for a long time did the black builder deny the utility of this additional stone; but, as the miller as stoutly insisted upon having it, it was so agreed that it should be set, and there was no time to be lost.

Away flew the devil, in full wing, to fetch the other millstone; the miller prayed,—and, hark! the next moment it was the crowing of the cock. "Halt there!" cried the happy miller,—"we are now quit;" and off he went down the hill till he reached his ancient home. Smarting under his disappointment, the devil flew at the new mill; he tore all its jointings, sails, and sieves asunder. He dispersed them in the air, and tumbled the high walls in huge fragments down the hill, so as to cover the whole place, leaving only a small portion of the foundation;—a lasting monument of the event. This, however, was not the sole revenge he took; for, just as the miller reached home, his malignant enemy sent a large fragment in his wake, which alighted on his brittle dwelling, crashed it almost to atoms along with all its inmates, including, of course, the foolish and discontented miller.

Natural Gas.—An American paper gives farther confirmation of the fact of a natural stream of gas having been found, and actually used in lighting up a village near to where it was discovered, namely, Fredonia, in the state of New York. We do not, however, learn any further particulars of the steam-engines, of twenty horse-power, which were also said to have been discovered growing in a field adjoining to this natural gas-work.

Poetry.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Ye harbingers of merry May,
Expand ye to the eye of day,
In rainbow lustre drest;
Your purple and your gold put on,
For winter now away is gone,
And storms are lull'd to rest.

Thou pensive beauty, snowdrop pale,
O, hither come, with tender wail,
For melancholy made;
Yet ah, amid awakening bloom,
Ah, tell of realms beyond the tomb,
And flowers that never fade!

And crocus gay, and "daisies pied,"
With every child of spring beside,
That woos the vernal breeze;
Oh! hither come, in modest vest,
And whisper to the heart of rest,
And calm and sunbright seas.

And thou, green spot, to memory dear!
Thy loveliest and thy proudest wear,
Her image to portray;
She, who for thee each blossom sought,
With fragrance and with beauty fraught,
The rose and heath-bell gay.

Bloom, fairy mound, exulting bloom,
And triumph o'er the dusky tomb,
And cheer the sorrowing breast;
And bid the lonely heart no more,
The breaking heart, for her deplore,
An angel now confest.

Spring flowers! Spring flowers! ye are to me
"The master-keys of memory,"
And whisperers of the dead;
And tears your welcome aye must be,
For, ever, as your forms I see
The spectre vale I tread.

Liverpool. G.

TRANSLATION. HORACE, Lib. 2. Car. 14.

Ehen! Fugaces Posthume, Posthume, etc.

Posthumus! Posthumus! how fast
The fleeting years are gliding by:
They haste to join them to the past;
Nor virtuous life, nor piety,
The approach of wrinkled age can stay,
Or death's unconquer'd force delay.

What though each day, with gory stain,
Three hundred bulls the altar press,
Vain are thy prayers, thy efforts vain,
To appease that king, the merciless;
Who round earth's giant sons bids flow
The sullen, dismal stream of woe.

That stream which all must navigate,
All whom the bounteous earth supports;
Or those who feel the frowns of fate,
Or those who tread the halls of courts:
In vain we escape the warrior's grave,
Or Adria's hoarse tumultuous wave.

The south wind's ire, in autumn hour,
In vain is fear'd; for thou must wander
Where Danaus' daughters mourn; where pour
Cocytus' waves in slow meander;
Where, wearied with his toil, and lone,
Sad Sisyphus still rolls his ever falling stone.

Thy land, and house, and pleasing wife,
Must soon, too soon, be left by thee;
Nor, when is fled thy breath of life,
Except the mournful cypress tree,
Of all the groves that round thee bend,
Shall aught their short-lived lord attend.

Thy worthier, and more bounteous heir,
Shall riot in thy hoarded store;
The choicest wines that claim thy care
Shall stream along the marble floor,
Though costlier than the proud display
Of Pontiff, on a festal day.

Liverpool, March 4. H. W. J.

GREECE.

"Possunt quia posse videntur."—*Virg.*

Land of Greece! the hours are bearing
Life, or worse than death, along;
Liberty her banner rearing,
As in days renown'd in song;

When her voice, her warriors leading,
Spoke in thunder from your skies.
Land of Greece! the hours are speeding;
Sons of Greece! awake—arise!

Greeks! the trumpet's call hath spoken,
And the spirit of your land,
Rising, points to every token
Of her ancient high command.

Let each stern heroic leader
Cast his griefs and feuds aside,
Think of those of-old who freed her,
When the Spartan fought and died;

For a glory without limit,
And a matchless fame is theirs;
Grief, nor death, nor time can dim it,
Gleaming through the mist of years.

Tell the fierce and blood-stain'd stranger,
From where Nile his waves hath spread,
They who never reck'd of danger,
Fear not all the slaves he's led.

Bid his legions, thinn'd and wasted,
Seek another land to die,
Where fell death, in regions blasted,
Loads the gale that's sweeping by.

Chieftain, though t' enlave and slaughter
On our regions thou hast burst,
Back across yon heaving water,
To thine own dark realm accurs'd.

For the spirit that hath slumber'd,
Bursting from too long a night,
Rises, and our land hath number'd
All her warriors to the fight.

Slaves of Egypt—hordes of Yemen!
Less unwilling conquests seek,
Nor pollute a land of freemen,
Land of glory, and the Greek.

Liverpool, Jan 25, 1827. H. W. J.

EPITAPH,

Intended for a r.slorious defamer and liar, when he shall depart this life.

(ADDRESSED TO HIM WHOM THE "CAP MAY FIT.")

Beneath this stone here *lies* his head,
Who, living, *lied* to get his bread;
The force of habit, let those doubt who will,
Alive, the knave *lied*, and, dead, he *lies* still.

Liverpool. FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

CHESS CHALLENGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Conceiving that you have in your town several excellent chess players, from the many valuable communications which appear from time to time in the *Mercury* and *Kaleidoscope*, I am induced to address you, in the hope that through your medium a game might be set on foot between them and the "wild Hirish," some of whom play acutely and well. A club has been formed in this city, entitled the "Dublin Philidorean Society," and many of the members would (if it were for no other purpose than to excite emulation, and act as a stimulus to their improvement) accept a challenge. The state of the game from time to time might appear (as it would suit your convenience) in the *Mercury* or *Kaleidoscope*.

In the hope of hearing from you through the medium of the next *Mercury*, I remain, yours, &c.

Dublin, March 8, 1827. M. P. S.

☞ If this challenge should be accepted, the parties are very welcome to the use of the *Kaleidoscope* or the *Mercury* as an arena; but some arrangement must be made to indemnify us against the expense of postages.

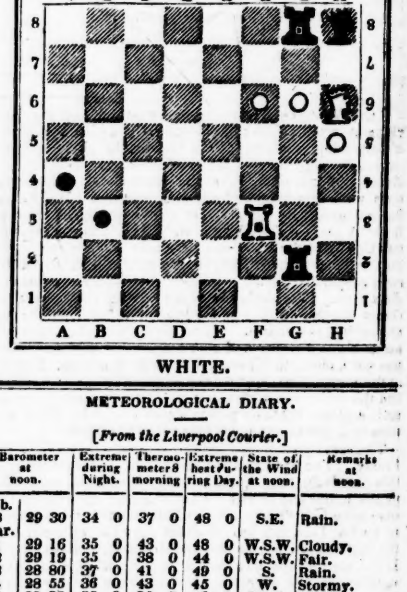
SOLUTION TO GAME CXXXI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Knight .....D—6X	1 Queen takes Knight.
2 Queen .....A—6X	2 King takes Queen.
3 Bishop .....C—8X MATE.	

NO. CXXXII.

The white, with the move, to make it a drawn game.

Black.



WHITE.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

	Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Feb. 28	29	30	34	0	37	0	48	0	S.E.	Rain.
Mar. 1	29	16	35	0	43	0	48	0	W.S.W.	Cloudy.
2	29	19	35	0	38	0	44	0	W.S.W.	Fair.
3	28	80	37	0	41	0	49	0	S.	Rain.
4	28	55	36	0	43	0	45	0	W.	Stormy.
5	29	38	35	0	38	0	46	0	S.S.E.	Cloudy.
6	28	53	38	0	42	0	49	0	S.W.	Stormy.

28th,—Eight, a.m. snow. 1st,—Very stormy during night.

4th,—Stormy during night; three, p.m. snow; from the great depression of the mercury, very stormy weather is prognosticated.

5th,—Seven, p.m. rain; barometer, 28.85, very stormy.

REMARKS FOR FEBRUARY.

Mean of atmospherical pressure, 29.90; mean temperature, extreme during night, 31.20; eight, a.m. 34.23, noon, 38.20, extreme during day, 40.7; general mean, 36.8; maximum of temperature during month 52, minimum 23; prevailing winds, easterly.

The Drama.

WILLIAM TELL,
A DRAMA.
Translated from the German of Frederick Schiller.

LONDON: PRINTED 1825.

(Continued from page 279.)

ACT III.—SCENE III.

A meadow in Altorf:—in the fore-ground are trees—in the back-ground a hut, hung upon a pole. The prospect is closed by the Banberg, towering above which are seen the snow mountains.

FRIESSHARDT *and* LEUTHOLD *on the watch.*

FRIESSHARDT.
In vain we watch! No man will venture near,
Or to a hat pay reverence. Yesterday
'Twas crowded like a mart here, but to-day
The meadow is become almost a desert,
Since yonder bug-bear hung upon the pole.

LEUTHOLD.
Nought to be seen except a rabble rout,
Who toss into the air their tatter'd caps,
Only to vex us. Honest people rather
Will make a tedious round thro' half the village,
Than stoop to bow the knee before a hat.

FRIESSHARDT.
When from the council-house about mid-day
They come, this place all are oblig'd to pass.
A goodly number then I surely thought
To have surpris'd—for none thought of the hat.
But Rosselman the priest my purpose saw,
And as he came from visiting the sick,
Went with the sacrament, and plac'd himself
Right opposite the pole: the sacristan
Must ring, forsooth, his bell; so falling down,
Myself amongst the rest, all on their knees
Paid homage to the host, not to the hat.

LEUTHOLD.
I tell you, comrade, I begin to think
We stand here plac'd as in the pillory
Before this hat; and 'tis, methinks, disgraceful
For a bold trooper sentinel to stand
Before an empty hat. All honest people
Will sure despise us. What! respect a hat?
'Tis certainly the order of a fool!

FRIESSHARDT.
And wherefore not respect an empty hat?
You have to many an empty skull bow'd down!

Enter HILDEGARD, MATILDA, *and* ELIZABETH, *who approach with their children, and place themselves about the pole.*

LEUTHOLD.
Yes! thou art such an officious rogue, and gladly
Would honest people bring to trouble. I,
Let who will pass the hat, will see it not:
I close my eyes.

MATILDA.
There hangs the Bailiff, children!
Kneel quickly down, and pay him due respect!

ELIZABETH.
Oh! would to God he went, and nought behind
Left but his hat! 'Twere better for the land!

FRIESSHARDT *(driving them away.)*
Go! get you hence! you cursed tribe of women!
Who sent for you? Go send your husbands hither,
If to transgress the order they have spirit!

[*Women go away.*

Enter TELL *with his cross bow, leading his son by the hand—they advance, and pass by the hat without paying any attention to it.*

WALTER
(pointing to the Banberg.)
Father, is it true, that on the mountain yonder
The trees, if smitten with an axe, will bleed?

TELL.
Who told you that, my boy?

WALTER.
The master herdsman.
He says, the trees enchanted are—'tis hand
Who injures them, will rest not in the grave.

TELL.
The trees enchanted are, that is the truth.
See'st thou those snow-peaks—those white horns,
Which seem to lose themselves above the sky?

WALTER.
The glaciers those, which thunder so by night,
And down the avalanches send upon us.

TELL.
Yes! and those avalanches long ago
Had Altorf overwhelm'd beneath their load,
Had not the forest plac'd itself between,
The bulwark of the land.

WALTER *(thoughtfully.)*
Are countries found,
Where mountains are not known?

TELL.
Who from our heights
The valleys seek, and, journeying lower still,
Follow the course of rivers, reach at length
A wide and level country, where the streams
No longer from the deep ravines roar down
In foaming torrents, but through verdant banks,
O'er smoother beds, their quiet waters roll:
The eye roves free through all the expanse of heaven,
In large and lovely plains rich grows the corn,
And like a garden blooms the land around.

WALTER.
But, father, wherefore not immediately
Into this beautiful land descend, and dwell,
Rather than here endure such toil and trouble?

TELL.
The land is beautiful, and good as heaven,
But those who cultivate it, do not reap
The blessing which they sow.

WALTER.
Free dwell they not,
As you do, on their own inheritance?

TELL.
To the Bishop and the King belongs the field.

WALTER.
At least they may hunt freely in the forest?

TELL.
To the Lord belong the forest and the game.

WALTER.
And may they not fish freely in the stream?

TELL.
The stream, the lake, the salt, all is the King's.

WALTER.
Who is this King then, whom all seem to fear?

TELL.
The mighty one, who feeds them, and defends.

WALTER.
Have they not courage to defend themselves?

TELL.
There dares not neighbour trust his nearest neighbour.

WALTER.
Father, in that wide land I should want room:
Better live here under the avalanche!

TELL.
Ay, boy! far better our protection owe
To these ice-mountains, than to wicked men!

[*They move onwards.*

WALTER.
See, father! see that hat upon the pole!

TELL.
What is the hat to us?—Come! let us go!

[*As he is about to depart,* FRIESSHARDT *steps up, and places his pike before him.*

FRIESSHARDT.
Hold!—in the Emperor's name, I charge you, stand!

TELL *(pushing aside the pike.)*
What would you? Wherefore stop you me?

FRIESSHARDT.
You have
Transgressed the mandate, and must follow us.

LEUTHOLD.
You have not paid due reverence to the hat.

TELL.
Friend, let me go.

FRIESSHARDT.
Away with him to prison!

WALTER.
My father go to prison! Help there! help!
Men, men, come hither! Help! good people! help!
Free him—they lead him prisoner!

Enter ROSSELMAN, *the priest, and* PETERMAN, *the sacristan, with three others.*

PETERMAN.
What's the matter?

ROSSELMAN.
Why layest thou thy hand upon that man?

FRIESSHARDT.
He is the Emperor's enemy, and a traitor!

TELL.
A traitor! I!

ROSSELMAN.
Thou errest, friend—'tis Tell,
A worthy man, and a good citizen.

WALTER TELL
(seeing Walter Furst, and running to him.)
Grandfather, help! they force away my father!

FRIESSHARDT.
Away, to prison!

WALTER FURST *(hurrying up.)*
Hold! I offer bail!
For God's sake, Tell, do tell me what has happened?

Enter MELCHTAL *and* STAUFFACHER.

FRIESSHARDT.
The Bailiff's sovereign authority
Has he despised, and will not recognise.

STAUFFACHER.
Could Tell do this?

MELCHTAL.
Thou lyest, caitiff knave?

LEUTHOLD.
He has not paid due reverence to the hat.

WALTER FURST.
And must he, therefore, go to prison? Friend,
Accept my bail, and let him go in peace!

FRIESSHARDT.
Offer for thee, and thy own person bail!
We do what is our duty.—Off with him!

MELCHTAL *(to the peasants.)*
No! this is horrible! Shall we endure
To see him impudently torn away
Before our very eyes?

PETERMAN.
We are the strongest.
Friends, bear it not; we will support each other.

FRIESSHARDT.
Who sets himself to oppose the Bailiff's orders?

Three other Peasants rush in.

PEASANTS.
We'll help! What is it? Beat them to the ground.

[HILDEGARD, *and the other women return*

TELL.
I yet can help myself.—Good people, go!
Think you, that if I would resort to force,
Their pikes would frighten me?

MELCHTAL *(to Friesshardt.)*
Wilt thou still dare
The attempt to tear him from the midst of us?

WALTER FURST *and* STAUFFACHER.
Gently!—Be tranquil!

FRIESSHARDT *(crying out.)*
Riot and sedition!

[*A sound of bugles is heard.*

WOMEN.
Here comes the Bailiff.

FRIESSHARDT *(raising his voice.)*
Mutiny! Revolt!

STAUFFACHER.
Cry till thou burstest, knave!

ROSSELMAN *and* MELCHTAL.
Wilt thou be silent?

FRIESSHARDT *(still louder.)*
Help! help here, to the servants of the law!

WALTER FURST.
Here is the Bailiff!—What will come of this?

Enter GESLER, *on horseback, his falcon on his wrist,* RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, BERTHA, *and* RUDENZ, *and a great number of armed soldiers, who form a circle o pikes round the stage.*

RUDOLPH DER HARRAS.
Room for the Bailiff there!

GESLER.
Drive them asunder!
Why run they thus together?—Who cries help?

[*A general silence ensues.*

Who was it? I will know.—Come forward thou!
Who art thou, and why holdest thou this man?

[*Gives his falcon to an attendant.*

FRIESSHARDT.
Most mighty Sir, one of your guards am I,
Appointed to keep watch beside this hat.
This man I seized as, contrary to order,
He would have passed without saluting it,
Intending to detain him, but the people
Assembling would have rescued him by force.

GESLER *(after a pause.)*
Despisest thou so much thy Emperor, Tell,
And me, who here his presence represent,
That thou the hat refusest to respect,
Suspended there to prove your loyalty?—
Thou hast betrayed thine evil disposition!

TELL.
Excuse me, gracious Sir! from thoughtlessness,
Not from contempt, proceeded this neglect.
Were I so prudent, I were not call'd Tell;
I ask your pardon, and will not repeat it.

GESLER.
(after some moments' silence.)
Thou art a master of the cross-bow, Tell;
They say, with every bolt thou hit'st the mark.

WALTER TELL.
And that is true, Sir! At a hundred paces
My father strikes an apple from the tree.

GESLER.
That boy, Tell—is he thine?

TELL.
Yes! gracious Sir!

GESLER.
Hast thou no other children?

TELL.
Sir! two boys.

GESLER.
Which of the two is dearest to thee?

TELL.
Sir!
Both are alike my children!

GESLER.
Well then, Tell!
Since from the tree an apple thou can'st strike,
Even at a hundred paces—of thy art
Thou shalt give me a sample. Take thy bow—
Thou hast it there at hand—and make thee ready
From thy boy's head to shoot an apple. But,
I counsel thee, beware thou take good aim,
That thou the apple hit at the first shot,
For should'st thou miss, thy head shall answer it.
[All show signs of horror.

TELL.
Oh! Sir! what monstrous deed do you command!
Shall I at my child's head—But no, Sir, no!—
That never could be your intention!—Never!—
Forbid it gracious God!—that could not you
Require in earnest from a father!

GESLER.
Tell,
The apple shalt thou shoot from the boy's head:
I do require it, and will have it so.

TELL.
I with the cross-bow at the head take aim
Of my own child!—No! rather will I perish!

GESLER.
Draw—or thy child shall perish with thee too.

TELL.
What! I become the murderer of my child?
You have no children, Sir!—You do not know
What swells a father's bosom!

GESLER.
What! so cautious
Art thou become at once! They told me, Tell,
Thou wert a dreamer—that from common men,
And from their ways, thou dost estrange thyself.
Thou lovest the extraordinary—and therefore have I
Something to suit thy daring soul discovered.—
Others might think, and hesitate—but thou
Closest thine eyes, and dashest at it boldly!

BERTHA.
Oh! sport no longer, Sir, with these poor people!
See you, how pale they stand, and how they tremble!
They understand not pleasantry from you.

GESLER.
Who told you that I sport?
[Catches at an apple which overhangs his head.
Here is the apple!
Let them make room there.—Let him take his distance—
What usual is.—I give him eighty paces—
No more, nor less.—He boasted at a hundred
His man to hit.—Now, archer, take thy aim,
And see the oppointed mark thou miss not.

RUDOLPH DER HARRAS.
God!
This becomes serious!—Down upon thy knees, boy,
And supplicate the Bailiff for thy life.

WALTER FURST
(Aside to Melchtal, who can hardly restrain his impatience.)
Restrain yourself—be tranquil, I implore you!

BERTHA.
Let this suffice you, Sir! It were inhuman
Longer to trifle with a father's anguish.
If this poor man, for such a slight offence,
His life to lose had merited—by Heavens!
Ten times already has he suffer'd death.
Dismiss him then uninjured to his hut;
He now has learned to know you, and this hour
He and his children's children will remember.

GESLER.
Open a way there! Quick! Why lingerest thou?
Thy life is forfeited—I might despatch thee;
And see! thy fate I mercifully place
In thy own practiced hand. He cannot sure
Complain of his hard sentence, who himself
Is made the master of his destiny.
Thou boastest thine unerring sight! Well, then!
Here it concerns thee much to show thy skill:
The mark is worthy, and the prize is great.
Within the target hit the black, that might
A common archer do; but, in my mind,
He is the only master of his art,
Who in each essay of severest proof
Is certain of his aim—whose hand and eye
Tremble not to the emotions of his heart.

WALTER FURST
(throwing himself on his knees before him.)
My lord, we bow to your authority,
But still let mercy temper justice: take
The half of my possessions—take them all—
Only urge not this horror on a father!

WALTER TELL.
Grandfather, kneel not to the false man! Shy
Where shall I place myself? I fear me not:
My father strikes the bird upon the wing;
He will not pierce the bosom of his child.

STAUFFACHER.
Sir! moves you not his boyish innocence?

ROSSELMAN,
Oh! recollect there is a God in heaven,
To whom you must account for all your deeds.

GESLER *(pointing to the boy.)*
Quick! bind him to the linden yonder!

WALTER TELL.
Bind me!
No! I will not be bound—I will stand still,
And, gentle as a lamb, not even breathe;
But if you bind me, then must I, perforce,
Struggle against my bonds.

RUDOLPH DER HARRAS.
Let them at least
Bandage thine eyes, boy.

WALTER TELL.
Why the eyes? Think you,
The arrow from my father's hand I fear?
You shall behold me wait for it unmov'd,
Nor even the twinkling of an eye perceive.
—Up, father! show thyself indeed an archer!
He thinks thou art not—thinks to ruin us:
If but to vex the tyrant, shoot, and hit.
[He goes to the tree, and the apple is placed upon his head.

MELCHTAL *(to the peasants.)*
What! shall the atrocious act be perpetrated
Before our very eyes! Why have we sworn?

STAUFFACHER.
It is in vain! we are unarm'd—you see
A wood of lances circles us around.

MELCHTAL.
Oh! that we sooner had resolv'd on deeds!
God pardon those who counsell'd to delay!

GESLER *(to Tell.)*
To work!—Men wear not arms for nothing:
Yet dangerous 'tis to bear the murderer's weapons,
And on the archer springs the arrow back.
This saucy privilege which the boor assumes,
The sovereign master of the land offends.
None should go arm'd, but those who claim command.
Yet if it please you thus the bow to carry—
Why, be it so—but I will set the mark.

TELL.
(bending the cross-bow, and laying on the arrow.)
Room there!

STAUFFACHER.
What, Tell? You would—never—
You tremble—
See! your hand shakes, your knees refuse their office.

TELL *(dropping the cross-bow.)*
It swims before my sight!

WOMEN.
Merciful Heaven!

TELL.
Excuse me, Sir, this shot.—Here is my heart!
Call to your troopers—bid them ride me down.

GESLER.
I do not want thy life—I want the shot.
Thou can'st do every thing—despair'st of nothing,
Thou know'st the helm to manage like the bow;
Thee frights no storm, when it behoves to save:
Now, saviour, help thyself—thou savest all!

[TELL, in a fearful struggle, casts his eyes now towards heaven, now towards the Bailiff: suddenly he snatches a second arrow from his quiver, and places it in his bosom.

WALTER TELL *(under the tree.)*
Draw, father, draw—I fear not.

TELL *(making a violent effort.)*
It must be!

RUDENZ,
(who has stood in great agitation the whole time, hardly able to restrain himself.)
My Lord, you will not urge this business further,
You will not!—'Twas but meant to prove your power.
You have attained your purpose. Push'd too far,
Severity fails of its wise design,
And, overstrain'd, to shivers flies the bow.

GESLER.
Young man, be silent, till we condescend
To ask your counsel.

RUDENZ.
Speak I must, and will.
The honour of the King is dear to me,
But such harsh measures must procure him hatred.
This is not the King's will—I dare maintain—
It could not be. Such cruelty deserves
My people not, and you exceed your powers.

GESLER.
Ah! are you grown so bold?

RUDENZ.
I have been silent
Through all the heavy deeds that I have witness'd;
My seeing eyes have closed against the light;
My swelling and indignant heart repress'd
Within my bosom: to be silent longer,
Alike were treachery to the Emperor,
And to my native land.

BERTHA *(throwing herself between them.)*
O God! still more
Would you a madman irritate?

RUDENZ.
My people
Have I forsaken, all the claims of blood
Have I renounced, the dearest ties of nature
Asunder torn, to join myself to you.
I thought indeed of all the greatest good
To further, strengthening thus the Emperor's power.
The blind falls from my eyes—shuddering I view
My steps lead to the brink of the abyss:
My honest judgment have you led astray,
My open heart seduc'd, and almost had I,
Even with the best intent, my people ruin'd.

GESLER.
Audacious vassal! this to your liege lord!

RUDENZ.
The Emperor is my lord, not you.—Freeborn,
Even as yourself, in every knightly virtue
I mate myself with you. And stood you not
Here in the Emperor's name, whom I respect
Even when they shame his office, here my glove
Would I fling down before me, and demand
In knightly guise an answer to my challenge.
—Yes! beckon to your guards! I stand not here,
Defenceless, as these are;
[Pointing to the peasants.
I wear a sword,
And who dares first approach—

STAUFFACHER *(calling out.)*
The apple's fallen!

[While the attention of all is called to the quarrel of GESLER and RUDENZ, TELL has shot down the apple.

ROSSELMAN.
And the boy lives!

MANY VOICES.
The apple is knock'd down!

[WALTER FURST, almost fainting, is supported by BERTHA.

GESLER.
How! has he shot? The madman!

BERTHA.
The boy lives!
Come to yourself, good father!—See! your child!

WALTER TELL
(comes bounding along with the apple.)
Father, here is the apple—well I knew
Thou would'st not hurt thy boy.

[TELL stands with his body bent forward, as though he would follow the arrow—the cross-bow falls from his hand. As he sees the boy coming, he springs to meet

him with outstretched arms, presses him to his bosom with passionate violence, and sinks down motionless. All are moved.

BERTHA.
Oh! gracious heavens!

WALTER FURST.
My children!

STAUFFACHER.
God be prais'd!

LEUTHOLD.
That was a shot,
Which men shall speak of to the latest times.

RUDOLPH DER HARRAS.
They shall tell stories of the archer Tell,
Long as the mountains stand upon their base.

[Hands the apple to the Bailiff.

GESLER.
By heavens! the apple is shot through the midst!
It was a master-shot—I needs must praise it.

ROSSELMAN.
The shot was good, but woe to him, the man
Who urg'd him to it!—He has tempted God.

STAUFFACHER.
Rise, Tell—be cheer'd—for manfully yourself
Have you redeem'd, and free may seek your home.

ROSSELMAN.
Come, come, and to the mother bring her son!

[They prepare to lead him away.

GESLER.
Hark, Tell!

TELL *(coming back.)*
What are your orders, Sir?

GESLER.
Thou didst
A second arrow in thy bosom place.
Yes! yes! I mark'd it well! Wherefore was that?

TELL *(confused.)*
Sir, 'tis a customary thing with archers.

GESLER.
No, Tell, that answer satisfies me not;
Another hadst thou, and a deeper meaning.
Tell me the truth, Tell, free and openly:
Be what it will, thy life shall be secure.
Wherefore the second arrow?

TELL.
Well, then, Sir!
Since you my life have promised me, the truth
I will discover honestly.

[He draws from his breast the second arrow, and regards GESLER *with a terrible look.*

With this—
This second arrow, had I shot through—you,
If my beloved child the first had murder'd,
And you at least had certainly not miss'd.

GESLER.
Well, Tell! thy life I have secured to thee;
I gave my knightly word, and I will keep it.
But since thou hast thine evil thoughts betray'd,
I will conduct thee, where the light no more
Of sun or moon shall shine upon thy darkness,
That from thy arrows I may feel secure.
Guards! seize him! bind him!

*[*TELL *is bound.*

STAUFFACHER.
How, Sir! Can you indeed
So treat a man, towards whom the hand of God
Has visibly been extended?

GESLER.
Let us see
Whether that hand a second time will save!
—Conduct him to my vessel, I will follow
Immediately—myself to Kussnacht lead him.

ROSSELMAN.
That dare you not—that durst the Emperor not;
That violates the charters of our freedom.

GESLER.
Where are they? Has the Emperor ratified them?
He has not ratified them. No! that favour
Must by obedience first be merited.
Ay, rebels are ye all—ye all reject
The Emperor's rights, and nourish bold revolt.
I know you all! I have seen thro' you all!
This man I bear out of the midst of you;
But all alike are sharers in his guilt.
If wise—learn to be silent, and obey.

[He goes off, followed by BERTHA, RUDENZ, HARRAS, *and guards.* FRIESSHARDT *and* LEUTHOLD *remain behind.*

WALTER FURST *(in great anguish.)*
It is all over, he is quite resolv'd
Me to destroy, and my whole family.

STAUFFACHER *(to Tell)*
Oh! wherefore goad the tyrant so?

TELL.
Let him,
Who has endur'd my anguish, rule himself.

STAUFFACHER.
Now every thing is lost! yes, all! With you
We all are chain'd and bound!

PEASANTS.
With you depart
Our last remaining hope and consolation!

LEUTHOLD *(approaching.)*
Tell, I grieve for you—but must do my duty.

TELL.
Farewell!

WALTER TELL *(clinging passionately to him.)*
O father! father! dearest father!

TELL *(raising his hands to heaven.)*
Above there is thy Father! Call on him!

STAUFFACHER.
Tell, shall I not say something to your wife?

TELL
(pressing the boy to his breast with violent emotion.)
The child escapes unhurt!—Me God will succour.

[He tears himself away, and follows the troopers.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The eastern shore of the lake of the four Cantons:—abrupt and rudely formed rocks close the prospect in the west. —The lake is in agitation—a continual murmuring and roaring, with thunder and lightning at intervals.

KUNST VON GERSAU, FISHERMAN, *and* FISHERMAN'S BOY.

KUNST.
I saw with my own eyes, and all has happened,
You may believe me, just as I have told you.

FISHERMAN.
Tell taken, and a prisoner led to Kussnacht,
The best man in the land, the bravest arm,
If ere a blow is to be struck for freedom!

KUNST.
The Bailiff brings him up the lake himself.
I left them at Fluellen, quite prepared
To go on board their vessel; but the storm,
Which has been some time brooding in the distance,
And here has driven me hastily to land,
May well, perchance, have hindered their departure.

FISHERMAN.
The Tell in chains, and in the Bailiff's power!
He will entomb him deep enough, be sure,
Never again to see the light of day;
For fear he must the free man's righteous vengeance,
Whom he has often, and so deeply wronged.

KUNST.
Our old Landamman, too, the noble lord
Von Attinghaus, lies at the point of death.

FISHERMAN.
So breaks then the last anchor of our hopes!
He was the only friend, who durst his voice
Still raise, to vindicate the people's rights.

KUNST.
The storm increases.—Fare ye well—I seek
The shelter of the village, for to-day
We may no longer think of venturing hence.

[He goes out.

FISHERMAN.
The Tell a prisoner, and the Baron dead!
Then Tyranny exalt thy daring front,
And cast all shame away! The mouth of truth
Is dumb—the seeing eye is blind—the arm,
Which should be raised to save, in chains is bound.

BOY.
See! it hails hard: come, father, to the hut,
To brave the angry sky is scarcely safe.

FISHERMAN.
Rage, rage, ye winds! Flash fiercer still, ye lightnings!
Burst clouds! Ye reservoirs of heaven, pour down,
And inundate the earth! Even in the germ
A generation yet unborn destroy!
Be masters, ye wild elements! Ye bears,
Ye ancient wolves, return, and range again
The extended waste—to you belongs the land,
For who would live where freedom is unknown!

BOY.
Hear how the whirlpool roars! the deep resounds;
Never has tempest swell'd the lake like this!

FISHERMAN.
To aim at his child's head! Never before
Was such an act enjoin'd upon a father!
And shall not Nature, with wild horror pale,
Revolt against it?—Oh! I should not wonder,
To see the rocks bow themselves to the lake!
Each pinnacle to see, each tower of ice,
Which ne'er were thaw'd since first they were created,
Down from their lofty summits melt like snow!
The mountains splinter, and the ancient cliffs
Fall in; a second deluge drown the earth,
And sweep away the abodes of living men!

BOY.
Hark! listen to that bell upon the mountains!
They have perceived a skiff in sore distress,
And ring that men may pray for those in danger!

[He ascends an eminence.

FISHERMAN.
Woe to the vessel, which now on its way
Is rock'd in this terrific cradle! Here
The helmsman and the helm alike are useless!
The storm is master. Wind and water play
At ball with man. Distant or near, no bay
Offers its friendly shelter, and the rocks,
Precipitous and rugged, frown upon him,
Inhospitably rude, nor to his view
Ought show, except their bare and flinty breasts.

BOY.
Father, a bark comes from Fluellen hither!

FISHERMAN.
God help the unhappy people! When the storm
Is once entangled in this glen of waters,
It rages like some savage beast of prey,
Which 'gainst its prison's iron grating beats,
And howling strives in vain to find an outlet;
For all around the rocks a barrier form,
Which, high as heaven, walls in the narrow pass.

[He ascends the eminence.

BOY.
It is the Governor's ship from Uri, father!
I know it by its pendants and red deck.

FISHERMAN.
Justice of God! Yes! it is he himself—
The Bailiff, who goes yonder. There he drives,
Bearing his crime along with him. How quick
Has the just arm of the avenger reach'd him!
Now knows he there's a mightier Lord than he!
These waves will not obey his voice—these rocks
Will not before his hat bow down their heads,
Boy!—do not pray! stay not the Judge's arm!

BOY.
I pray not for the Bailiff—not for him,
But Tell, who lies a prisoner in his ship.

FISHERMAN.
Blind indiscriminating element!
Must thou one guilty head to strike, the bark,
With all that it contains, destroy?

BOY.
See, see!
They had already happily pass'd by
The Buggisgrat, but now the tempest's force,
Recoiling strongly from the Teufelsmunster,
Hurries them back on the great Axenberg.
—I see them now no more.

FISHERMAN.
There lifts its head
The Hakmesser, where many a gallant bark
Before has suffer'd shipwreck. Dexterously
If there the pilot they do not round, the ship
Will surely on the reef be dash'd to pieces,
Which rough and dangerous runs into the breakers.
—They have an able steersman at the helm:
If any one could save them it were Tell,
But he, alas! lies crippled hand and foot.

Enter WILLIAM TELL *hastily with his cross-bow; he looks wildly around, and appears to be in great agitation. When he arrives at the centre of the stage, he flings himself on his knees, spreading out his hands alternately towards the earth, and towards the sky.*

BOY *(remarking him.)*
See, father, who kneels there?

RUODI.
He grasps the earth
With both his hands, and seems beside himself.

BOY *(coming forwards.)*
What see I! Father! father, come and see!

RUODI.
Who is it? God in heaven! What, Tell! 'Tis you!
Oh! speak! How came you hither?

BOY.
Were you not
In yonder ship, a prisoner and in chains?

RUODI.
And on your way to Kussnacht?

TELL.
I am free.
RUODI *and the* BOY.
What miracle is this!
BOY.
Whence came you hither?
TELL.
From yonder vessel.
RUODI.
How!
BOY.
Where is the Bailiff?
TELL.
Driving upon the waves.
RUODI.
Is it possible?
But you? How are you here? What have you done,
To escape at once from bondage and the storm?
TELL.
'Twas God's protecting providence.—Attend!
RUODI *and the* BOY.
Oh! tell us all!
TELL.
What has at Altorf happened,
You know!
RUODI.
We know it all.
TELL.
Know that the Bailiff
Ordered me to be seized, and sent in chains
To Kussnacht—to his castle?
RUODI.
And himself
Embarked in the same vessel at Fluellen.
—We know it all! Say! how have you escaped?
TELL.
I lay on board the ship, fast bound with cords,
A helpless man, abandoned to despair;
Nor hoped I more the sun's glad light to view,
Nor the beloved face of wife or child,
But gaz'd despondingly on the waste of waters.
RUODI.
Unhappy man!
TELL.
So bore we swift along,
The Bailiff, Rudolph Harras, and the rest.
My quiver with my cross-bow lay apart,
And near the stern. But when the point we gained,
Formed by the little Axen, it pleased God
That such a heavy desolating storm
Should from the depths of the St. Gothard burst,
That the hearts sank of all that were on board,
And all expected miserably to perish.
Then one of the attendants, gathering courage,
Stepped forth, and to the Bailiff spoke these words:
You see, Sir, your extremity, and our's,
And that we all upon the verge of death
Are hovering, for the mariners, through terror,
Have lost all self-possession, nor, indeed,
Are certain of their course. But there is Tell,
An active man, who knows the ship to steer:
What if we should, in this our sore distress,
Make use of him? Then spoke the Bailiff thus:
Tell, so I loos'd thy bonds, would'st thou engage
To save us from the fury of this storm?
And I replied: Yes, Sir, with God's assistance,
Engage I would to help you safely hence.
So was I loosened from my bonds, and stood
Beside the helm, and did my duty well.
But still from time to time a glance I stole
Where lay my arms, and ever and anon,
With keen and searching eye the shore I mark'd,
If chance an opportunity might offer
Of springing from the vessel, and at last
A rock observ'd, which, flatten'd on the top,
Juts out into the lake.
RUODI.
I know it well:
'Tis at the foot of the great Axenberg,
But ne'er had deem'd it possible—so steep—
So very steep—it rises from the waves,
To reach it, springing from so far below.
TELL.
I shouted to the rowers to put forth
Their utmost strength, until the ledge we near'd,
For then, I cried, the worst is pass'd. And when,
Rowing with all our might, at length we reach'd it;
God I besought his gracious aid to lend,
And, straining every nerve, the stern press'd in,
Close to the wall of rock: then, in a moment,
Seizing my arms, the desperate spring I ventur'd,
And the frail bark, rebounding from the stroke,
Drove distant far into the abyss of waters,
There at God's will to drive upon the billows!
So am I here, sav'd from the tempest's power,
And from the far worse power of wicked men.
RUODI.
Tell, Tell, a palpable miracle hath the Lord
Wrought in your favour! Hardly yet my senses
Can I believe!—But whither go you now?
For safety there is none for you, if once
The Bailiff living from this storm escape!
TELL.
I heard, as bound within the ship I lay,
He meant to land at Brunnen, and by Schwitz
Conduct me to his castle.
RUODI.
Means he then
To journey home by land?
TELL.
Such was his purpose.
RUODI.
Haste then to hide yourself—make no delay—
Not twice will God release you from his hand.
TELL.
Tell me the nearest way to Arth and Kussnacht.
RUODI.
The open way by Steinen lies, but one,
More private, and still shorter, can my boy
Conduct you over Lowertz.
TELL *(giving him his hand.)*
Fare ye well!
May God reward your goodness!
[*As he is going, he turns again.*
Were not you
With the confederates, who met at Rutli?
Methinks I heard your name there!
RUODI.
I was there,
And took the oath of the confederacy.
TELL.
Haste then to Burglen—do me yet this kindness!
My wife is left despairing and forlorn:
Tell her that I am safe, and well conceal'd.
RUODI.
And whither fled?
TELL.
There will you find her father,
And others of the men who swore at Rutli.
Bid them be active, bold, and of good courage,
For Tell is free, and master of his arm:
Soon shall they further tidings hear of me.
RUODI.
But what is it you purport? Tell me freely.
TELL.
Let it be done—then will we talk of it.
[*He goes off.*
RUODI.
Boy, guide him on his way, and God be with him!
The plan he has design'd, he goes to perfect!

SCENE II.

Castle of Attinghausen.

The BARON *reclining in an arm chair, in a dying state—* WALTER FURST, STAUFFACHER, MELCHTAL, *and* BAUMGARTEN *occupied about him—* WALTER TELL *kneeling before him.*

WALTER FURST.
'Tis pass'd! it is all over!—He is gone.
STAUFFACHER.
Yet this is not like death.—See! on his lip
Still moves the feather.—Tranquil is his sleep,
Serenely smiles his peaceful countenance.
[BAUMGARTEN *goes to the door.*
WALTER FURST.
Who is it?
BAUMGARTEN.
'Tis your daughter—She insists
That she must speak with you—must see her boy.
WALTER FURST *(rising.)*
Can I give comfort, who myself have none?
On my own head is heap'd all earthly woe!
HEDWIG *(rushing in.)*
Where is my child? I must—I will behold him!
STAUFFACHER.
Compose yourself! Bethink you that you here
Are in the house of death.
HEDWIG.
My Walter! Oh! my child!
And liv'st thou still to me?
WALTER TELL.
My poor, poor mother!
HEDWIG.
Can it be true? Art thou escap'd unhurt?
[*Looking at him with anxious solicitude.*
But is it possible? Point the shaft at thee?
How could he do so? Oh! he has no heart,
Who could the arrow aim at his own child.
WALTER FURST.
With anguish did he so—heart-bursting anguish:
Compell'd he did it—it was for their lives.
HEDWIG.
Had he a father's heart, rather by far
A thousand times would he have died than done so.
STAUFFACHER.
God's gracious mercy should you praise, who brought it
To such a happy issue.
HEDWIG.
Can I forget
What might have been that issue? Merciful heavens!
Liv'd I a thousand years—still see I ever
The boy stand bound—the father take his aim,
And ever flies the arrow to my heart.
MELCHTAL.
Did you but know how he was goaded to it!
HEDWIG.
Oh! the rough heart of man! If but his pride
Be once offended, then he stops at nothing,
But stakes, in the blind passion of the game,
The child's existence, and the mother's heart.
BAUMGARTEN.
What! is your husband's fate not hard enough,
That you thus add reproaches to his griefs?
And for his sufferings have you no compassion?
HEDWIG
(turning round, and regarding him with an expressive look.)
Hast thou tears only for a friend's misfortunes?
Where were you, when the noble, generous one
In chains they laid?—Where then was your assistance?
You could look coolly on—the monstrous act
Behold unmov'd, and patiently submit
To see your friend torn from the midst of you!
So did not Tell with you!—Him did you see
Stand hesitating, when behind you press'd
The Bailiff's troopers, and the roaring lake
Swell'd high before you?—Not with idle tears
Lamented he your fate; into the boat
He sprang, children forgot and wife—and sav'd you.
WALTER FURST.
And what could we have done for his assistance,
So few in number, and all quite unarm'd?
HEDWIG *(throwing herself on his breast.)*
Oh! father, thou hast lost him too! The land—
We all have lost him! All have need of him!
Alas! he needs us also! God preserve
His soul from dark despair! No friendly voice
The dull oblivion of his prison-house
Descends to cheer. What if he should be ill!
Alas! in the damp darkness of his dungeon
He must be ill! For as the Alpine rose
Pales and decays amidst the baneful fumes
Of marshy exhalations—so for him
Is there no life, save in the sun's glad light,
And the free current of the balmy air.
A prisoner!—He!—His very breath is freedom,
And in the gloom of caverns must he die!
STAUFFACHER.
Be patient! All of us will do our utmost
To burst his prison-doors.
HEDWIG.
What can you do,
Depriv'd of him?—So long as Tell was free,
So long there was a hope, and innocence
Had still a friend—a helper, the oppressed.
Tell was the saviour of you all—you all,
Together joined, could not his fetters break.
[*The* BARON *awakes.*
BAUMGARTEN.
Be silent! See! He moves!
ATTINGHAUSEN.
Where is he?
STAUFFACHER.
Who?
ATTINGHAUSEN.
He leaves—abandons me in my last moments!
STAUFFACHER.
His nephew 'tis he means. Let him be sent for!
WALTER FURST.
We have already sent. Be comforted!
His heart has he recovered—he is ours.
ATTINGHAUSEN.
Has he then spoken for his native land?

STAUFFACHER.
And with heroic courage.
ATTINGHAUSEN.
Wherefore, then,
Comes he not my last blessing to receive?
I feel that all will soon be over with me.
STAUFFACHER.
Oh! not so, noble Sir! This short repose
Has quite reviv'd you, and your eye is brighter.
ATTINGHAUSEN.
Life is but sorrow! it is fast departing:
Suffering, like hope, is now almost extinct!
[*Remarking the boy.*
Who is the boy?
WALTER FURST.
Give him your blessing, Sir;
He is my grandchild, and is fatherless.
[HEDWIG *kneels down with the boy before him.*
ATTINGHAUSEN.
And fatherless I leave you all behind me—
All.—Woe to me, that my last looks have seen
The downfal of my country! Have I reach'd
The utmost term of life, with all my hopes
To perish thus?
STAUFFACHER *(to Furst.)*
In this dark state of trouble!
Must he depart, nor on his dying hour
One lovely beam of hope its radiance shed?
—Cheer up your sinking spirit, noble Sir!
We are not quite forsaken—are not yet
Without redemption lost.
ATTINGHAUSEN.
Who is to save you?
WALTER FURST.
Ourselves!—Listen! The three united lands
Have pledg'd their word the tyrants to expel.
Concluded is the league: a sacred oath
Has bound us. Ere the year commence anew
Its circle, will the destin'd blow be struck.
Your dust shall rest in a free soil.
ATTINGHAUSEN.
Oh! tell me,
Concluded is the league?
MELCHTAL.
On the same day
Will all the three lands rise. All is prepar'd:
The secret well preserv'd, tho' shar'd by hundreds.
Beneath the tyrants' feet the ground is hollow,
The days of their dominion are determin'd,
And soon will leave no trace that they have been.
ATTINGHAUSEN.
But the strong fortresses within the land?
MELCHTAL.
All fall on the same day.
ATTINGHAUSEN.
And are the nobles
Associates in this league?
MELCHTAL.
We do not doubt,
If we should want it, to obtain their help;
But none, save peasants, hitherto have sworn.
ATTINGHAUSEN
(raising himself up astonished.)
And has the peasant dar'd so bold a deed,
From his own means—without the noble's aid?
Has he in his own strength such confidence?
Nay, then, they have no further need of us!
Then may we sink consoled into the grave!
Another race steps on, and other powers
Shall guard the lofty majesty of man.
[*Laying his hand on the child's head.*
This head, where lay the apple, is become
The assurance of a new and better freedom.
Time strikes—the old falls with a mighty crash,
And a new life springs blooming from its ruins.
STAUFFACHER (*to Furst.*)
See, what a lustre kindles in his eye!
Not the last rallying of expiring nature
Is this—it is the gleam of a new life.
ATTINGHAUSEN.
The noble from his ancient seat descends,
And to the cantons swears his civic oath.
In Uchtland—Thurgau—has the strife begun,
Imperial Bern lifts up her lordly head,
Freiberg becomes th' asylum of the free,
Awaken'd Zurich arms her peaceful bands,
And joins the martial host—the might of kings
Neath her eternal walls is broke to pieces.
[*He continues with the tone of inspiration.*
Princes I see, and noble barons come,
In armour clad, and banded for the war,
A harmless race of shepherds to destroy.
For life and death the struggle—many a pass
Ennobled is through bloody resolution:
The peasant flings himself with naked breast,
A willing offering, on the band of lances;
He breaks them, and the flower of knighthood falls,
And Freedom raises her victorious banners.
[*Taking* FURST *and* STAUFFACHER'S *hands.*
But be ye firm and faithful—faithful ever—
No place of freedom stranger to the rest.
Place signals on your mountains, that each band,
When danger calls, may quickly join the other—
Be one—one—one
[*He falls back on the cushion, still holding their hands.*
—FURST *and* STAUFFACHER *regard him for some time in silence, and then step aside to conceal their grief. Meanwhile the attendants enter silently and express their sorrow, and some of them kneel down beside him weeping. During this mute scene, the castle-bell tolls.*
Enter RUDENZ, *hastily.*
RUDENZ.
Oh! tell me, does he live? Can he yet hear me?
WALTER FURST.
You now are our protector, and liege-lord;
This ancient house has now another name.
RUDENZ.
Good God! comes my repentance then too late?
Might he not stay a few short moments longer,
To see my alter'd heart?—His faithful voice,
Whilst he enjoy'd the light, have I despis'd!
Now he is gone—for ever gone—and left me
A heavy debt of kindness to repay.
Oh! say! did he depart in anger with me?
STAUFFACHER.
He heard what you had done, and dying, bless'd
The boldness of your speech.
RUDENZ.
(kneeling beside the body.)
Thou lifeless corse!
Sacred remains of one so dearly lov'd!
Here on thy hand I swear, now cold in death,
That I have sever'd every foreign tie,
And to my people render'd back my heart.
Henceforth a Schwitzer am I—and for ever.
[*Rising.*
Mourn for the friend—the father of you all;
But be ye not dismay'd! For not alone
Have I inherited his earthly portion;
His heart descends his spirit down upon me,
And what his hoary head remain'd indebted,
My active youth shall yet repay to you.
Give me your hand, my honour'd Sir, and yours,
And, Melchtal, yours. Nay, do not hesitate,
Turn not away! believe my promises—
Believe my oath!
WALTER FURST.
Give him your hand:—his heart,
To better feelings won, claims confidence.
MELCHTAL.
The peasant are you wont to treat with scorn:
Say in what light shall we henceforth regard you?
RUDENZ.
Oh! look not on the error of my youth!
STAUFFACHER.
"Be one"—were the last words our father spoke:
Bethink you well of that!
MELCHTAL.
Here is my hand!
And, noble Sir, the peasant's grasp is worth
The word of a true man. Depriv'd of us,
What could the noble do? And older far
Our order is than yours.
RUDENZ.
I honour it,
Will guard it with my sword.
MELCHTAL.
The arm, Sir Baron,
Which the hard earth knows how to subjugate,
And waters its deep bosom, also knows
How to defend the breast of the free man.
RUDENZ.
You shall my breast, and I will yours defend,
So shall we each be stronger in the other.
But wherefore talk we, whilst our native land
Is still a prey to foreign tyranny?
Let but the soil be wrested from our foes,
In peace will we compose all differences.
[*He pauses some moments.*
Are you still silent? Have you nought to tell me?
How! do I not deserve that you should trust me?
Nay, then, against your will must I intrude
Into the secret of your union.
You have a council held—conspir'd at Rutli—
I know—know all—know what you there determin'd,
And have preserv'd it as a sacred pledge.
Never—believe me—never have I been
The enemy of my country! Never would I
Ought have attempted 'gainst your liberties!
—But ye did wrong to put it off so long,
Time presses, and demands more active measures:
Even now is Tell the victim of delay.
STAUFFACHER.
We swore to wait the Christmas festival.
RUDENZ.
I was not there! I have not sworn to this!
You may still wait—I act.
MELCHTAL.
You would not surely—
RUDENZ.
I count me 'mongst the fathers of the land,
And my first duty now is to protect you.
WALTER FURST.
To render to the earth this sacred dust,
Your nearest duty is, and holiest.
RUDENZ.
When we the land have free'd, then will we lay
Our freshest wreath of victory on his bier.
—O friends! not your account alone, my own
Have I to settle with the tyrants.—Hear!
Gone is my Bertha—secretly convey'd,
With matchless perfidy, from the midst of us.
STAUFFACHER.
Such bold injustice has the tyrant dar'd
'Gainst the free daughter of a noble house?
RUDENZ.
Yes, my dear friends! I promis'd you my aid,
And you must first entreat to grant me yours.
Lost—torn away, whom most I love—who knows
In what safe hold of tyranny she lies?
What violence they daringly attempt
To force her to contract detested bands?
Desert me not! Oh! help me to preserve her!
She loves your country, and has well deserv'd
That every arm in her defence be rais'd.
WALTER FURST.
What would you undertake?
RUDENZ.
Alas! I know not!
In this obscurity which veils her fate,
This horrible anguish of uncertainty,
One only ray of comfort beams upon me!
Amidst the ruins of tyrannic power,
Alone can she be rescu'd from the grave:
The forts must all be levell'd with the ground,
So may we pierce, perchance, into her dungeon.
MELCHTAL.
Come, lead us on!—We follow! Why till morning
Put off what may as well be done to-day?
Free was the Tell, when we at Rutli swore,
Nor had the deed of horror yet been done.
The altered times impose a different law:
Who is the dastard that would tremble now?
RUDENZ.
Meanwhile take arms, and, for the work prepared,
Watch ye the beacon-lights upon the mountains:
For swifter than the sail that bears a message,
Shall the glad tidings of our victory reach you.
See then ye kindle high the welcome flames,
Burst like a thunder-bolt upon the foe,
And break the bow of tyranny asunder.
[*They go off.*

(To be continued.)

TUNNEL UNDER THE MERSEY.—When we proposed a tunnel under the Mersey, in the *Mercury* of Jan. 14, 1825, the scheme was ridiculed as visionary and impracticable. We can now, however, inform our readers, that it is in serious contemplation, and that one gentleman is ready to advance ten thousand pounds towards the undertaking.

Tide Table.

Days.	*Morn.* h.	m.	*Even.* h.	m.	*Height.* ft.	in.	*Festivals, &c.*
Tuesday ..13	11	2	11	21	17	11	
Wednesday14	11	38	11	57	19	2	
Thursday..15	——		0	15	19	11	
Friday 16	0	33	0	53	19	11	
Saturday..17	1	13	1	34	19	5	St. Patrick.
Sunday....18	1	55	2	19	18	3	3d Sunday in Lent. Edw. [King of West Sax.
Monday ..19	2	41	3	8	16	5	
Tuesday ..20	3	37	4	6	14	3	Moon's Last Quarter.

Tales, Romances, &c.

[ORIGINAL]

THE PLAGUE OF MANCHESTER,

A ROMANCE.

BY EDGAR ATHELING.

CHAPTER I.

"Beshrew me but thou speakest well,
And much thou seem'st to know;
But though the morrow ring my knell,
Through Leonard's wood I'll go."—*Old Ballad.*

The year 1605 was, in England, a year of uncommon sultriness; for months the sun shone with unclouded splendour, nor did a single drop of rain refresh the parched earth. The English, unused to a burning sun, began to droop beneath its rays, and it was fearfully anticipated, that the plague or fever would follow in the rear of a hot and parching summer. In Lancashire, which had heretofore been proverbial for its moistness, the heat was more sensibly felt than in any other part of England, and in some of the large towns in that county, early indications of the plague began to appear. In this crisis the Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire received orders to draw a speedy and strong line of circumvallation round any town in which the plague could be proved to exist. Such line to be only two miles distance from the infected town.

It was while Lancashire was in this alarming state, and on a bright hot August day, that two travellers were journeying from Dunham Massey, in Cheshire, to the town of Manchester, in Lancashire. They had almost reached the village of Stretford at the time they are introduced to the reader. It were needless to describe the country through which they were travelling, as it possessed no peculiar, grand, or striking features. I shall, therefore, present the travellers, without describing the place where they were at the moment of introduction. The younger horseman seemed just entering into manhood, and his ruddy cheek and laughing eye bore token that care or sorrow had hitherto been strangers to his breast. He was attired in a rich suit of crimson velvet, plentifully adorned with ribbons, points, and laces, and wore on his head a Spanish hat, surmounted with a plume of black feathers. His companion seemed some ten years older, and his plain attire and grave look showed that time had somewhat abated the fire and vivacity of earlier years. Both were mounted on full blooded steeds, and for some time pursued their way in silence. At length, when they had passed through Stretford, and had arrived within three miles of Manchester, the elder horseman broke a silence which had evidently been of long continuance. "Ay," said he, "methinks this expedition of thine, Reginald Fitzosborne, will prove to be of somewhat foolish nature. By my faith I could almost laugh to think of the figure thou wilt cut when thou returnest to Ravenscliffe Hall."

"Now, Will Rycliffe," returned the younger horseman, "I somewhat differ from thee touching the figure I shall cut on my return to the Hall of my fathers. Beshrew me, but a bonny bride will return with me, and proudly shall I hail Alice Hardman as the Lady of Ravenscliffe."

"Touching that matter," cried Rycliffe, "it is most strange that thou, the sole representative of an ancient and honourable house, should be speeding to wed the daughter of a Manchester burgess! Most proudly will thy widowed mother hail thy noble bride!"

"Now, by Heaven, Rycliffe," exclaimed Reginald, his brow darkening, "if thou dost prate so touching my affianced bride, it may not be long ere we close in deadly strife."

"Tush," returned Rycliffe, "now thou indeed preachest nonsense. Thinkest thou I heed thy foolish tongue, or that I would turn from my course because thou threatenest me? But enough;—ere long I shall behold the peerless Alice; and then, perchance, I may somewhat change my ideas touching this daughter of a Manchester burgess."

Again the two horsemen proceeded on in silence, and speedily arrived at an inn, which stood by the road side, and, from its cleanly appearance, seemed to belong to the better sort of the Lancashire houses of entertainment. In fact, under the auspices of its able landlord, Giles Philpot, a short, fat, good-humoured man, the inn had attained great celebrity, both for its uniform cleanliness, and for its good ale. When the two horsemen arrived at the inn, they were speedily gladdened by a sight of Giles Philpot, who, issuing from the door with cap in hand, accosted his visitors. "Welome, noble gentlemen, welcome," said he: "marry, from your appearance, methinks ye stand much in need of a draught of Giles Philpot's ale; and I trow, when ye have tasted it, ye will bless the hot sun for parching your gizzards."

"Ha, mine host of the Dog and Partridge," cried Rycliffe, who had long known and appreciated the inn and its good cheer, "dost thou still abide in the land of the living? Beshrew me, but I can scarcely credit mine eyes, for when last I abode here, thou wert reported to be on thy last legs."

"Truly," replied mine host, "some short year ago I was in a perilous state; and the rascally doctor so stuffed me with his cursed pills and powders, that my belly became like the swilling-tub, a receptacle for filth and abomination."

"And how comes it thou art now alive, mine host," said Rycliffe, "seeing thou wert in the hands of that friend of the devil, a quack doctor?"

"Why, truly," cried Philpot, "it was a mercy I escaped. But seeing the doctor determined to try the strength of his nostrums, by pouring them down my throat, I e'en determined to discharge him, and go upon a new tack. And what think ye I tried?"

"Beshrew me," replied Rycliffe, "if I can guess, except thou took to drinking thine own ale."

"Thou hast spoken it," said the host; "and, marry, after a few draughts, I found myself most wonderfully revived; so determining to make quick work of it, I drank some four gallons of the precious liquor, which fairly routed my disorder, and set me upon my understandings."

"Lead on, and cease thy prating," cried Fitzosborne, who began to be tired of this colloquy.

"Marry, thou art somewhat impatient," returned the host; "but come along and thou shalt have a foaming draught of Giles Philpot's ale."

The host then led the way into the inn, and speedily ushered the two friends into the best apartment it contained. This, though not richly decorated with costly furniture, would please a hungry traveller much better than even the splendid apartments of England's King. Huge sides of bacon, in loving amity with formidable rounds of beef, graced the ceiling; while, instead of pictures, numerous well-seasoned hams adorned the walls. In the huge fireplace was scattered a profusion of flowers, which perfumed the apartment more agreeably than the most costly cosmetics; and, to crown the whole, on a large oak table, which occupied the middle of the room, were placed two tankards of foaming ale, which Fitzosborne and Rycliffe speedily poured down their throats.

"Now, mine host," said the latter, when they were seated, "perchance thou canst give us some news touching the state of things in this quarter?"

"Why, truly," replied mine host, "there is no news stirring, save rumours of the plague: the foul fiend receive it! Marry, latterly there has been but little doing in my way, owing to the lies touching the existence of the plague in Manchester."

"The plague!" cried Fitzosborne, starting from his seat; "sayest thou there is a rumour of the plague's existence in Manchester?"

"Ay," replied the host; "and, forsooth, there has come down an order from the Lord Lieutenant, which states, that should the plague be proved to exist in the town, no communication must be permitted; and that a strong military guard must be placed at certain distances, to prevent the infection spreading."

The two friends gazed on each other for some minutes. Fitzosborne changed colour and bit his lip.

"What thinkest thou of these tidings?" at length cried Rycliffe. "By my faith, it were better that we sped back, than rashly brave certain danger."

"Thou mayest return, Rycliffe," replied Fitzosborne, calmly; "but though certain death will await me, yet will I on."

"Noble gentlemen, methinks ye had better not proceed to Manchester," said Giles Philpot, officiously obtruding his remarks. "Marry, there is mine ostler, Timothy Bokanky, who has gone thither to learn truly touching the plague; and ere long, I expect his return."

"Silence, mine host," cried Rycliffe, "and let us have some of thy best provisions, whilst we discuss our future proceedings."

Obedient to this mandate, Giles Philpot speedily placed before his guests a reeking and savoury plate of ham and beef, flanked with two loaves of wheaten bread, and attended by two tankards of ale.

"Now, mine host," said Rycliffe, as he prepared for action, "it would much rejoice me if thou wouldest for a short time gladden us by thy absence, as we have matter of some moment to consider."

"Truly, most noble gentlemen," returned the host, "ye are not of those who fancy the company of Giles Philpot, marry"

"Decamp I pray thee," said Rycliffe, "and leave us to our own affairs."

The host left the apartment, and Rycliffe speedily made great havoc amongst the provisions, whilst Fitzosborne kept aloof, and in spite of his friend's invitation, declared his inability to eat. When Rycliffe had finished his repast, he took a long draught of the ale, and then fetching a deep breath, exclaimed,—"By my faith this ale has a marvellous effect on the weary traveller, and Giles Philpot may be excused his prating, seeing his liquor is so excellent. But what sayest thou, Fitzosborne, touching the continuance of our journey to Manchester."

Fitzisborne started from his seat, and exclaimed passionately, "Though the plague should rage, and in its career depopulate Manchester, yet would I on, and prove to Alice Hardman that Reginald Fitzosborne dare brave even death for her sake."

"Tush, thou speakest foolishly," said Rycliffe. "It must not be that thou, the heir of the noble house of Fitzosborne should peril thy life for the sake of a love-sick girl."

"Beware what thou sayest Rycliffe," cried Fitzosborne, "or perchance thou mayest rue thy word. I tell thee I will on towards Manchester, though death be my portion."

"Well, be it so, petulant boy," returned Rycliffe. "But we are wasting time; if we must go, let it be ere the plague begins to rage, and then perchance we may escape unscathed"

The two friends left the apartment, and issuing from the door of the inn, found the host, Giles Philpot, busily holding forth to a few of his cronies, touching the manners and appearance of his guests. The appearance of the said guests stopped his oration, and having received a liberal reward for his ale and eatables, he officiously helped the travellers to mount their horses, and was just opening his mouth to give them a parting word, when he was interrupted by the approach of a horseman, who was riding with headlong speed in the direction from Manchester. The horseman was pale, and dreadfully agitated, his dress was in disorder, and his hair hung wildly over his countenance. The horse was reeking with foam and blood, and appeared almost as wild as its rider. When the horseman approached the inn, he checked his steed for a moment, and waving his hand, cried, "Let not mortal approach Manchester. The plague, the plague rages within it, and dreadful has been the mortality of the last hour.

Proclaim throughout the district that the plague is in Manchester, and whoso value their lives must not approach that town." The horseman again spurred his steed, and quickly disappeared from view.

The party at the inn door gazed on each other with dismay, while Rycliffe, dismounting from his horse, prepared again to enter the inn. Fitzosborne still kept on his saddle; and, seeing Rycliffe about to relinquish the journey, exclaimed, "Farewell, Rycliffe! as I hope for heaven I will surely speed on to Manchester. Farewell! and, should Reginald Fitzosborne return no more, be thou the comforter of his aged mother."

"Thou art mad," cried Rycliffe, springing forward and seizing Fitzosborne: "thou art mad thus to rush wantonly into certain danger. By Heaven I will not permit this boyish rashness!"

"Loose me, I charge thee, Will Rycliffe," exclaimed Fitzosborne, mildly, "I will again embrace Alice Hardman, though that embrace should be my last! Rycliffe, when last we parted I swore by the holiest of names to return on this day, and I vowed that nought, save death, should prevent that return. Thinkest thou I will be false to Heaven and false to my love? or that, when Alice Hardman is in danger Reginald Fitzosborne will scruple to share that danger with her? Loose me, I pray thee, or I shall, perchance, be unable to keep my better reason!"

"Mad, foolish boy!" cried Rycliffe, almost distracted, "think of thine aged mother; think of thy fair inheritance; think that thou art the last of the race of Fitzosborne, and that thy death extinguishes that race for ever."

"I think of my love, Alice Hardman! I think of mine oath, registered in heaven!" shouted Fitzosborne, forcibly disengaging himself from the grasp of Rycliffe. "Farewell! and again I charge thee comfort mine aged mother." Saying this, he spurred his steed and rode forwards.

"Nay," cried Rycliffe, "since thou wilt go I will bear thee company; though I perish I will on, for I remember the debt that I owe to the house of Fitzosborne." Rycliffe mounted his horse, followed the hot-headed youth, and they both galloped, at full speed, towards Manchester.

"Mary, there goes a couple of fools," said Giles Philpot, as he saw them depart. "It will much surprise me, an' these sparks do not wish themselves once more in the Dog and Partridge inn." So saying, he entered the inn, followed by his cronies.

(End of chapter 1.)

Miscellanies.

DUMBARTON CASTLE.

(From the Glasgow Free Press.)

Two days ago we visited, in company with a friend, the town and castle of Dumbarton, and also the cenotaph reared to the memory of Smollett, at the village of Renton. A few particulars connected with the two last of these places, may here be worthy of notice.

The garrison of Dumbarton castle consists, at present, of seventeen men, under the command of one officer, besides the governor, and the other regular subordinates of the place, such as the gunner, barrack-master, &c. As severe duty at such a place is by no means required, the men feel perfectly happy amid the cliffs and chasms of the barren rock which they inhabit; and, as every thing is kept by them in excellent order, they display a readiness to gratify strangers with a sight of their wild abode, which commands the praise of every one. The cannon are all planted opposite to their respective ports along the wall; their muzzles carefully stopt, their touch-holes covered with broad plates of lead, and their barrels and carriages in the most perfect state of cleanliness and repair, while at different stations are piled heaps of balls, ready to be used upon any emergency. On the highest pinnacle of the rock stands the flag-staff, covered with the names of a thousand visitors, and overlooking a vast expanse of country in every direction, with the broad-bosomed Clyde rolling beneath, and stretching away, until lost amidst the haze to seaward. The stranger who, on first climbing the rock of Dumbarton—on viewing from this airy pinnacle the scenery around him, and on calling to mind the many historical associations connected with the spot—does not feel his spirit kindling into enthusiasm, is by no means worthy of ever standing so high in the world. The clod of the valley is his proper pedestal.

Within the castle, at a high altitude above the river, are two wells, in one of which is a fish—apparently of the burn-trout species—that, from long residence, is become perfectly tame. It generally, however much and closely gazed at, lies perfectly still; its dark colour boldly contrasting with the crystalline purity of the water in which it lives. This fish is the successor of one which lived for a great many years in the same well, and was well known to, and a great favourite with, the numerous visitors who are constantly interrupting the solitude of Dumbarton Rock.

In the armoury, which contains fifteen hundred stand of arms, belonging to the militia and yeomanry cavalry of Dumbartonshire, is kept the sword of Scotland's patriot, Sir William Wallace, measuring in length, from the two extremities of point and hilt, about four feet eight inches. Many years ago, nine and a half additional inches were broken from the point of it by a lady, who, in rather a masculine frolic, endeavoured to show her dexterity and strength in lifting it horizontally from the ground by the point. Long previous to that occurrence, and probably by Wallace himself, the blade had been broken exactly in the middle, where the rude welding of the two parts is yet distinctly visible. The hilt has recently been repaired, by a new wooden haft and a few crimson tassels being put upon it, and the blade still retains a degree of the brightness which it received when furbished in the Tower of London. The enormous weapon lies upon the floor, sheathed in a slender bag of green cloth, and inclosed in a coarse wooden box, the same in which it was returned from London. Little care seems to be paid to this national relic, for rust is again creeping over its blade, and its whole appearance is by no means creditable to those who have it in keeping. We trust that this cause of complaint will be speedily rectified.

Correspondence.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The declarations made by Sir Walter Scott the other day to Lord Meadowbank is most astonishing. This Baronet, who has so perseveringly denied the authorship of the Waverley novels, has now not only admitted the fact, but has claimed an undivided right to every line in that long series of novels. I cannot outrage the respectful feeling I entertained of Sir Walter as a man to believe him capable of the many public denials echoed from our daily prints. It could not be, that he was the writer of the bandied-about epistle addressed to the French editor;* nor can I credit that Sir Walter denied his title to Waverley, in answer to his Majesty. If such were the case I must remark, that it was the most barefaced untruth of which a man of talent and character could be guilty. Considering the distinguished kindness which his Majesty showed towards him, such a reply was both pusillanimous and ungrateful. I am sorry to impute an untruth to the great magician; but, nevertheless, Sir, talent and respectability are not to rob ideas of their proper names. Is a person of Sir Walter Scott's age and station to be justified in sacrificing the honest candour of the *man* to the caprice and vanity of the *author*? No, Sir; Sir Walter has attained that elevation and commands that regard throughout the enlightened world that a compromise with immorality on his part is highly reprehensible. The apparent tendency of all his published productions has been towards refinement and morality, and is his life and practice to give them the lie? Away with it! I will lay a round dozen that Sir Walter Scott, one of the late proprietors and contributors to the *Edinburgh Beacon*, is not capable of a lie.† As, however, Sir Walter has been throughout life in the practice of decorating truth with fiction in his written works, it may not be improbable that habit has rendered this amusement so necessary to his existence that even in his every-day transactions fiction may do her part. Such a supposition only can account for his moral delinquencies, and I would not swear that his political life was unmixed with fiction.

Whatever may have been Sir Walter Scott's motives for withholding his name, the Waverley novels have gained nothing by it. They have not risen a step towards popularity from the mystery thrown over their origin; nor has the blasphemous title, "Great Unknown," by which their author has so often been designated, added one whit to their importance.—Yours, &c. SIGMA.

* As Sir Walter has now avowed himself the sole author of Waverley, &c. we trust he will see the necessity of disavowing that letter bearing his signature, addressed to the French publisher, as given in the last *Mercury*.—*Edit. Kal.*

† Do remember the paper, Gentlemen? Sir Alexander Boswell owed his death to a branch of that great root of private scandal in the north, viz. to the *Glasgow Sentinel*.

HALLELUJAH MONUMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is to be regretted that the ingenious author of the verses on the monumental inscription, in your *Kaleidoscope* for the 13th ult., had not entitled his essay a Paraphrase, and not a Translation—as it may, probably, mislead the English reader as to the meaning of this record: and, indeed, there is so much incongruity, not to say extravagance, in this production, probably of some tyro in poetry, it hath more the character of a parody than any other. In the first place, we have a "*raging battle's furious ire.*" It is unauthorized by the text, or any record or tradition I have been able to consult,—that there was any battle at all upon this occasion. Secondly, we have a new deity introduced, not known, I believe, in any system of mythology,—much less in either the Jewish or Christian dispensation, "*The son of Heaven!*" Would it not be passing strange to call Solomon the son of Jerusalem; or Joram, the son of Samaria; or George the Fourth, the son of London, because that, in those places, their fathers held the seat of Government; but, farther, this nameless *divinity* is said to leave heaven and descend to earth to a *raging battle*, with a *choir of angels* accompanying him; a choir, instead of one of Milton's armed squadrons. Is it not next to profane to assimilate heavenly warriors with the fallen race of men, who sometimes accompany their murderous depredations with a fine band of music? Again, these holy warriors "*appear* amongst *the hostile camps.*" The English dictionary says, that to appear *is to be in sight,—to show one's self.* To whom then were they visible, except to some of their northern combatants, possessed, as they say, of second sight? There was room here, had they been inclined, to amplify a little more the wondrous tale:

> One angel with his harp struck down
> A sturdy Pict, by breaking of his crown;
> While others plied about with lute and lyre,
> All tipp'd with burnish'd gold, and fringed with fire;
> Till the bold foe in reckless ruin lay,
> Excepting such who chose to run away.

Again, we have the two bishops, Germanus and Lupus, the weapons of whose warfare are expressly defined to be not carnal but spiritual—*armed with spears*, in the rear rank of the angels, probably as a *corps of reserve!*—"*Both heaven-born generals of the British line!*" Still passing strange. Their names, it might have been supposed, would have prevented this mistake. It has been generally understood, that these prelates were foreign missionaries engaged in Christianizing the then pagan Britons, and ought to have retained, in all records, the much more honourable title of Bishop; but those *generals*, we are likewise told, were *heaven-born.* Here we get into the heathen mythology! I think that Achilles and some others of Homer's heroes were said to have descended from the gods. Again, we have the "vaulted sky" rent with six times more shouting of Hallelujah than the text au-

thorizes; and then the "blood-stained earth," in a victory expressly said, in the record, to be *sine sanguine, without bloodshed*; but we must keep in mind that it was the "mighty son of Heaven" or his angels, that were the *butchers* on this occasion; the noble warriors of "true British line" only looking on. This is *poeta licentia* with a vengeance! Having some acquaintance with the worthy descendants of the family by whose ancestors this obelisk was erected, and well acquainted with the localities of Maes Garmon, and the traditionary accounts prevalent in that neighbourhood, as well as those on record in various ancient authors respecting the subject of this memoir, I believe the plain *unvarnished tale* to be simply this,—a national deliverance of Christianized Britain, in a treacherous attack of their heathen neighbours, by one of those divine interpositions in their favour, which so frequently signalized the unfolding the banner of the cross in the early ages of Christianity; an act of faith in the great Head of the Church, expressed by acclamations of praise, is immediately followed by the total rout and discomfiture of their combined foes, who fled in all directions, in a similar way to the discomfiture of the Assyrian army, before Samariah, by a supernatural and invincible panic. The inscription on the stone is a little figurative of this great event, but easily comprehended; and as there are neither rocks nor hills in the immediate neighbourhood of this place of a character to have contributed, by their echo, to the effect of this terror, it is easy to conceive with the author of Horæ Britannicæ, that the Christian bishops directed the Britons to occupy a defile in front of their camp, or station, something like Jacob's advanced guard, when Esau's army was advancing; and the reverberating hills simply means the reiteration of the hallelujah shout by the multitude, men, women, and children, stationed in the rear, or on distant hills.

March 1, 1827. Yours, &c. AN ANTIQUARIAN.

GRAMMATICAL QUERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A few weeks ago one of your correspondents inquired if the word in Italics in the following sentence were correctly spelled:—"I do not like the two *verys* in this sentence;" to which question no satisfactory answer has been given.

W. H. J. considers that it would be more correct to say, "I do not like the two *words very*," &c. but I think not, because they are not two words, being merely a repetition of the same word. In my opinion it is quite as correct to say *two verys*, as it is to say *two letters*, though, perhaps, his meaning might have been more clearly understood had he said, "I do not like *the repetition* of the word very in this sentence."

Veritas seems to think that the word in dispute ought to form its plural according to a rule which he adduces, respecting terminations in *y*, which, however, will not apply to the present case.

The word *very* being an adverb, does not, strictly speaking, admit of a plural, because it conveys no distinct idea to our minds, and has no relation to unity; therefore, by adding to it the plural termination we do not increase or extend its meaning, which would have been the case had it been a substantive.

The singular number of any substantive conveys one certain idea, distinct from the word itself, which is merely the sign of that idea, or the means by which we make our thoughts intelligible to others; and, of course, by changing the singular into the plural, we increase the number of ideas, which ideas, be it remembered, are entirely distinct from the word itself. For instance, if we speak of a book, we do not mean the four letters of which that word is composed; but we mean a number of sheets of paper bound together in such a manner as will answer to our idea of that substance, for which the word *book* is but a name or representative.

But with an adverb the case is different. It has no meaning in itself; but when united to another word, it gives to it a certain property, and qualifies the idea, which we receive from the word with which it stands connected: so that having in itself no meaning, and conveying no idea to our minds, (except that of a certain word composed of four particular letters,) if we add to it the plural termination, we understand by it nothing more than two or more words, consisting of the same four letters which were in the original word, when in the singular number. But if, in the plural, we spell it *veries*, a reader would be led to conclude that we meant two or more words composed of the letters v-e-r-i-e, which is not our meaning; nor can we make ourselves intelligible, by forming the plural any other way than by adding *s*; for the expression *two veries*, will at once satisfy the reader that we mean two words, each composed of the four letters v-e-r-y, which is exactly the idea we wish to convey.

I hope your correspondent *W. H. J.* and his opponent *La petite bas bleu* will be able, from these observations, to put an end to their dispute; though I am afraid that my arguments in this case will be in opposition to the opinion of the *petite bas bleu*: if so, I am very sorry, and must beg pardon for my ungallant conduct.

Blackburn, 1827. Yours, &c. L. K.

The Philanthropist.

A portion of the following article has already appeared in the *Mercury*:

WANTON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LIVERPOOL.—When we lately addressed our readers on this subject, actuated by the "forlorn hope" of ultimately establishing in Liverpool a society for the prevention of wanton cruelty to animals, we did not suspect that it would have fallen to our lot so soon afterwards to call the public attention to the commission, in our immediate neighbourhood, of a most flagitious act of inhumanity, which serves to show the necessity of such a society as we have recommended.

We flattered ourselves with the hope that the barbarous pastimes of Shrovetide had fallen into disuse, at least in this neighbourhood; but it seems we were deceived, from what occurred last Tuesday, which we record with shame and sorrow.

Our readers may not, perhaps, be aware that the most disorderly and disgraceful practices are constantly going on in Moslake-fields, near the Botanic Garden, to the great annoyance of the neighbourhood. We are not here going to lay particular stress upon the pugilistic fights which are so common at this place, because, however we may deplore the existence of this practice, the ruffians who pursue it, or the blackguards who patronise it, excite in us no sentiment but contempt; the former may pummel one another till they are black and blue, and the others may shout till they are hoarse, for any thing we care about the matter. It is the unoffending dumb part of the creation whose cause we are pleading, and which we would, if possible, shelter, by the law, from the brutality of man.

On Shrove Tuesday, about two o'clock in the afternoon, we perceived a great concourse of men and boys coming down Upper Parliament-street, and, on inquiry, we found that there had been a pitched battle, and a COCK-RACE; a most barbarous practice, which we hoped had been long discontinued in Liverpool, as we were at some pains, many years ago, to abolish it. As the majority of our readers may not be aware of this refinement of barbarism, and in order to lead to the exposure or punishment of the offenders, we shall do violence to our own feelings by describing it, which we shall do in the words of a letter we addressed, in the year 1803, to the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, after having been witness to a similar outrage, committed in the fields in Lime-street, opposite to the Old Infirmary.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—As I passed through a lane, a few days before last Shrove Tuesday, I observed a considerable crowd in an adjoining field, enjoying some game, in which a number of boys were busily employed; on a nearer approach, I saw ten or twelve lads, with their hands tied, pursuing a cock, the wings of which had been previously clipped to retard its escape: on inquiry, I learnt that this poor creature was to be the prize of him who could carry it off to a certain part of the field, *in his teeth*; this, unfortunately for the object of their pursuit, was no very easy task, and the scene I witnessed in its prosecution was such as can scarcely be equalled in the annals of brutality! and though it was with considerable pain I viewed such a sight, yet a determination to acquaint myself with circumstances, which would enable me to expose such depravity, without exaggeration, compelled me to remain.

The cock, as in most such sports, had a little start allowed, when, on a signal, all its pursuers gave chase; the first who came up with it endeavoured to stun it with his foot, and, if that failed, his next resource was to fall upon it with his body, full length, in which position he contrived to *fix his teeth in some part*, but the head was usually preferred, as the animal could not very easily retaliate in this situation! Sometimes all these *blood-hounds* were down upon or near the poor cock at the same time, one pulling it by the *feet*, another by the *wings*, and a third *tugging at its head*, till the *weakest part gave way*, and the *strongest teeth bore away the prize in triumph!* whilst the poor creature struggled so violently, as at times, by its convulsions, to escape for a moment the *monster's jaws*: but if the conqueror proved too strong to permit this momentary escape, his triumph was of very short duration; for by the rules of this game, the unsuccessful followers were permitted to trip the heels of the hero who was thus bearing away the prize, which they generally contrived to do, and before he could arrive at the goal, he was usually overthrown by his pursuers, who, falling upon him and each other, with the wretched animal in the midst of them, resumed this inhuman struggle; and from the remaining strength of the cock, when I could no longer bear such a sight, and from the difficulty of accomplishing their purpose, I fear this brutal business lasted much longer: but my pain at beholding such barbarity was somewhat alleviated, by the conviction that the poor bruised cock would soon be as insensible as the surrounding wretches; and I retired with this impression, and the determination to use all my influence with the magistrates to have this abuse investigated.

Who is there so callous as to hear the plain unembellished recital of such barbarity, without the utmost indignation?—who can retire from such scenes, and flatter himself he does his duty merely in shunning them, without endeavouring all in his power to procure their total abolition? Every member of society is or ought to be deeply interested in preventing the early pollution of the minds of their children, or the rising generation, by removing such shocking examples from before them. To the disgrace of human nature, most of the less cruel diversions which I have mentioned are conducted by *men!* but in this refinement upon all former species of cruelty, boys are selected, encouraged by the men, and taught to make use of their teeth like cannibals; and I know no one instance in which every bad human propensity or passion is so called forth, as in the one I have adduced; for the ruffians these boys showed to each other was no way inferior to the total insensibility they displayed to the sufferings of the object of their persecution!

If this paper should fortunately fall into the hands of those who have the disposition to relieve the sufferings of the brute creation, and at the same time the power to carry into effect such purpose, I hope the truth contained in it will make such impression as it was intended to produce; for if such enormous vice is not checked, we need not wonder if our prisons overflow, and public executions become so frequent as to lose the effect they were intended to have on the public mind.—Yours, &c.

Liverpool, March 1, 1803. EGERTON SMITH.

If our information is correct, this savage sport was revived on last Shrove Tuesday, in Moslake-fields, and the wretches who catered for the pastime charged the thoughtless boys who engaged in it one penny each. If we can by any means ascertain the names of the fellows, we will hold them out to the scorn and contempt of the public.

To Correspondents.

SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER.—In conformity with our promise, we this day present another supplementary number to our readers. It will enable us to bring our translation of William Tell to a conclusion this day fortnight.

Henry D——, we presume, did not see the note addressed to him in our last. There is a communication for him at our office, which may be had at any time. It is addressed *Mr. Henry D——* and *Solomon Secundus*.

ERRATA.—In the translation from Aristophanes, which appeared in the *Kaleidoscope* of the 27th ult. several errors occurred, partly owing to the haste with which the piece was written. We notice the following:—19th line, for *wave* it high, read *waves* it high; 29th line, for *forgel*, read *forgot*; 30th line, for *Hade's*, read *Hades'*.

We have further to acknowledge the communications of *W. O. W.*—*W. X. Y. Z.*—*J. H. C.*—*W. G. H.*

Printed, published, and sold, EVERY TUESDAY, by E. SMITH & Co. 75, Lord-street, Liverpool.